What Is Racial Balance in the Schools?

MARCH 23, 1967 35¢

GOVERNOR KIRK'S NOT-SO-SECRET POLICE

THE REPORTER

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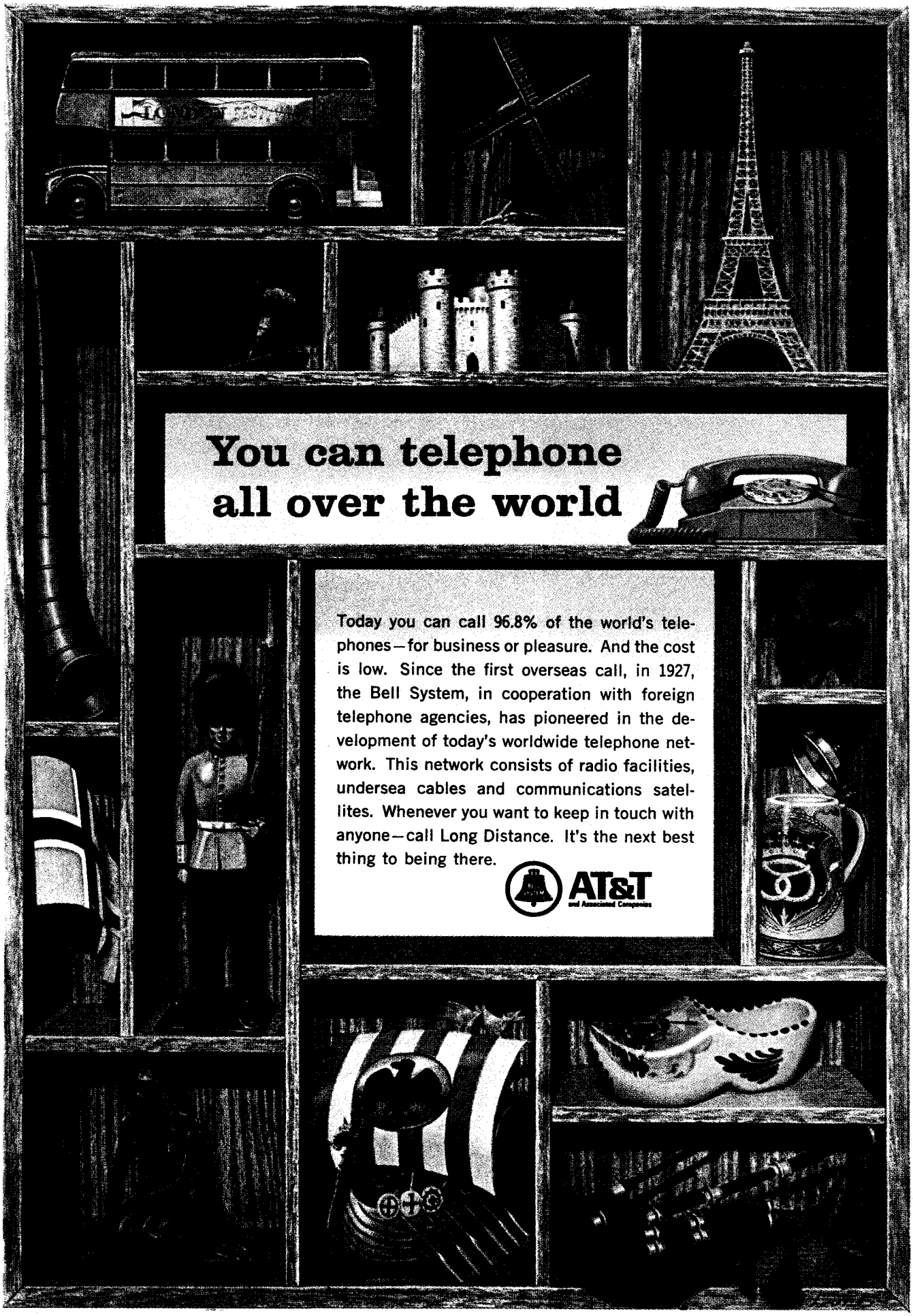
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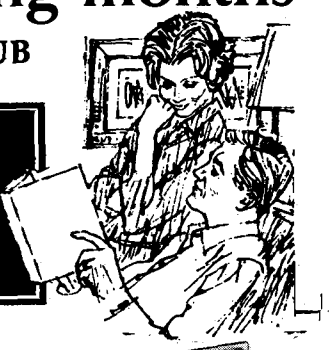

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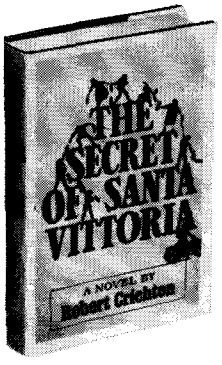

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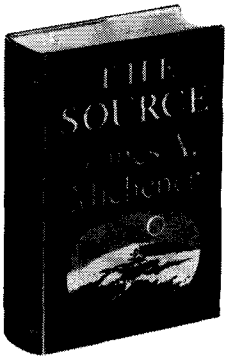

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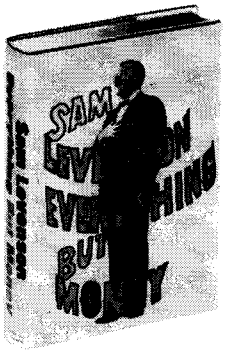

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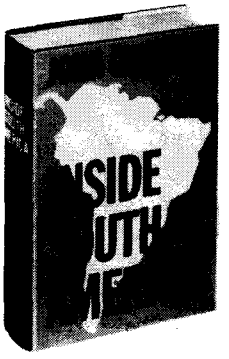

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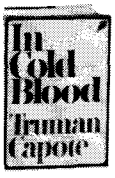

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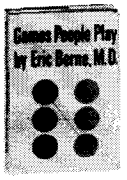

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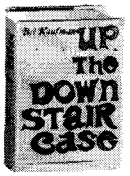

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What's Going On Up There?—A Report from General Dynamics

When a broadcaster calmly announces that the launch rocket has been jettisoned, the capsule is in orbit 115 miles above the earth and that the crew is in excellent shape, ever wonder...

Who told *him?*

How does *anyone* know what is happening to that one particular speck, invisible in the vastness of space and moving at five miles per second?

He knows because the facts do come back—through a communication system as essential to space research as any satellite.

Some day man may colonize the planets, but first a vast amount of information is needed.

Every space flight today, manned or not, is basically a fact-finding mission—whether to learn more about cosmic radiation, the ability of a human to function in zero gravity, or scores of little-known aspects of space.

"Needle in a haystack":

To collect the information in the first place, earthbound mission controllers must stay in touch with the spacecraft from the instant of launch, know where it is and where it is going.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration does the job through a worldwide network of stations—many parts of which have been built by General Dynamics—that track and collect information from the space vehicles. This network is tied into control centers which, depending on the mission, may be in Florida, Texas, California—or aboard an instrumentation ship on the high seas.

From the moment a space shot starts, a transmitter follows the programmed path of the space vehicle, beaming a continuous-wave radar signal on a specific assigned frequency. A transponder aboard the spacecraft receives the signal, changes it to a different frequency, and transmits it back to earth.

As the spacecraft moves, the length of time for the signal's round trip changes. The differences are continually measured and computed against the original program, with the spacecraft's position, speed and path displayed visually for the controllers.

If the spacecraft is straying, mission controllers can order the vehicle to make the necessary corrections that will put it back on the right path.

Collecting the facts:

More than direction is involved.

Even before launch and on through flight, literally hundreds of sensors in and on the launch vehicle and its payload—in a manned flight even on the astronauts' bodies—are measuring as many different kinds of data.

Some sample the goings-on outside the spacecraft: radiation, meteorite contact, temperature. Others keep track of conditions inside: fuel consumption, engine operation. Still others may report on crew members' heartbeats and skin temperatures, or on cabin conditions such as oxygen content.

Each of these measurements is converted into electrical signals to be radioed back to earth. The more complex the spacecraft and its launching vehicles, the more information must be sent. Ground stations must receive and digest millions of "bits" of information every second. Printed, this would be enough to fill ten average Sunday newspapers every minute.

All this information is sent down a single radio beam. The process is similar to the multiplexing which allows scores of individual telephone conversations to go over a single wire or microwave beam simultaneously.

Command function:

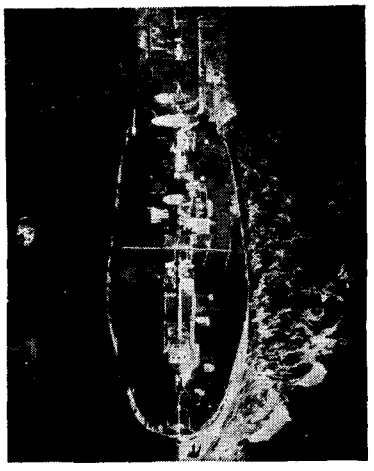
Picture an eight-lane highway, packed solid with cars, interrupted by a one-lane bridge. At the entry to the span, a policeman alternately directs one car from each highway lane in sequence to keep a solid stream flowing across the bridge. At the other end, another policeman directs each car back into the same lane it started from.

Now multiply the speed of the process a millionfold. Instead of eight lanes, more than 200 sensors; instead of a bridge, one radio beam; instead of the policeman, a commutator which alternates the input from the sensors in the proper sequence.

Although all data sent from the spacecraft are stored for later detailed analysis, much of it must be immediately available—visibly, while the event is occurring—for the controllers to exercise their command function.

Suppose an orbiting spacecraft begins to tumble, jeopardizing the mission. Sensor measurements radioed to earth indicate changes. Controllers watching the computer printouts and data displays find anomalies, analyze the problem and order corrective action. Orders are transmitted to the spacecraft whose on-board receptors pass them to the system involved. Main engines or verniers fire as necessary to put the spacecraft back on course.

The rates vary at which data is sent. During launch phase, tracking data



Filling the Holes in the Network

Requirement: Orbiting satellites are temporarily "lost" when they pass over oceans out of "sight" of land tracking stations. In view of the complexity of the forthcoming Apollo moon-shot program—particularly the critical need for uninterrupted contact with the Apollo vehicle and its three-man crew—this ocean gap had to be filled.

Solution: Three *floating* tracking stations, called Apollo Instrumentation Ships, built by General Dynamics for the U.S. Navy and NASA. The ships are fully equipped to track, maintain two-way radio contact with and receive telemetered data from orbiting satellites.

The three ships will be deployed this summer under U.S. Air Force operational command to positions in the Atlantic, Indian and Pacific Oceans. There, integrated into NASA's worldwide network of land tracking stations, they will begin their tracking and telemetry work.

In addition to their communication role, the Apollo Instrumentation Ships have been given mission control responsibility. If communication should be broken between NASA's control center in Houston and the ship then in contact with the Apollo capsule, the basic "go/no go" decisions will be made aboard the Apollo ship.

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may be required every fraction of a second; after the payload is in orbit, once an hour may be enough. Heartbeat and respiration of an astronaut might be monitored constantly. But a weather satellite may "store" all the information it acquires in a full orbit, discharge it all at once upon command to a specific receiving station.

A whisper from space:

But how can this information possibly get across the hundreds, or in some cases millions, of miles of space?

One problem is that the size of the spacecraft severely limits the power available to it for radio transmitters and receivers. Commercial radio stations use as much as 50,000 watts of broadcast power. The space ship may have as little as five watts.

Receiving antennas on the ground must be able to sort out one specific whispered signal from among those coming from hundreds of other spacecraft, from other space noise including solar radiation, from the mass of radio signals bouncing around within the atmosphere—and interpret its special signal with absolute correctness.

To do this, receivers have to be big. Movable antennas built by General Dynamics have diameters up to 30 feet and can pick up a 5-watt signal from the moon. NASA uses some as big as 85 feet in diameter which have received space signals from as far as 134,000,000 miles away.

Weak ears, big voice:

The concave surface of the antenna, tuned to the specific frequency of the spacecraft it is receiving, collects and focuses the signal to a smaller hyperbolic reflector which, in turn, sends it to a series of amplifiers that boost its intensity.

To "call" the spacecraft, the problem reverses. Its antennas may be as small as five inches in diameter. The signal sent from earth may require peak power of up to 1,000,000 watts.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

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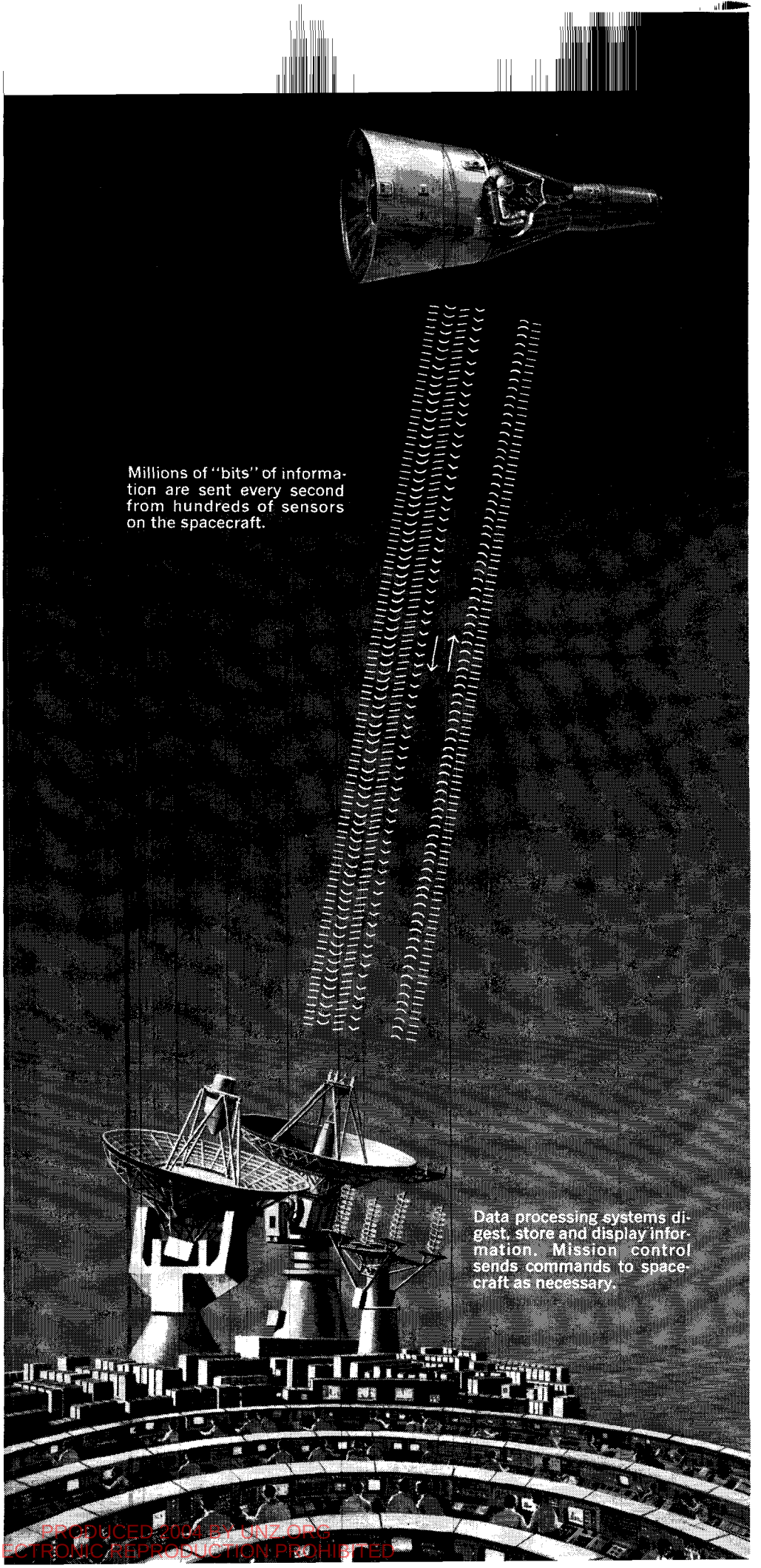
Millions of "bits" of information are sent every second from hundreds of sensors on the spacecraft.
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN HIS EDITORIAL, **Max Ascoli** introduces a major theme that he will develop in future issues—the difficult political crisis our country is going through.

A measure of the progress that has been made in the long hard fight for racial justice in the United States is the sophistication of the arguments involved in the current controversy over ways to deal with the education of Northern Negro children. The straightforward Constitutional issues that were involved in attacking school-segregation laws in the South have been replaced by concepts which deal as much with individual rights as with civil rights for Negroes as a group, and which divide rights organizations over matters as much sociological as legal. **Meg Greenfield** surveys this new stage of the struggle in light of recent court cases and last month's Civil Rights Commission report.

FOR YEARS Florida has had a crime problem. Now it has an anti-crime problem as well. The new conservative Republican governor, Claude R. Kirk, Jr., has alarmed Democratic officials and legal authorities in the state by declaring a war on crime and engaging a force of private eyes to investigate rackets and corruption. The arrangements he has made with the Wackenhut Corporation are clouded in secrecy and the program is sure to be challenged when a new legislature convenes next month. **Frank Murray** is a reporter for the Miami *News*. . . . **Robert S. Elegant's** long service as a correspondent in Asia gives him special qualifications for analyzing the convulsions that are wracking China. He is chief of bureau in Hong Kong for the Los Angeles *Times*. . . . When Governor George Romney of Michigan announced a flying trip to Alaska and some Western states to take political soundings for 1968, he thought of it as an "Off-Broadway" production and made no arrangements at first for the national press corps. But Romney's prominence as a potential Republican Presidential candidate is such that he had to charter a special plane to accommodate reporters—and then found he had a traveling inquisition in his entourage. **Jules Witcover,** a reporter with Newhouse National News Service, was one of the inquisitors. . . . Now that the Central Highlands of South Vietnam are an important battleground, the good will of the Montagnard tribesmen who inhabit the area is vital and the Saigon government is belatedly preparing a bill of rights for this often abused minority group. **Karsten Prager** is a Time-Life News Service correspondent in Saigon.

Milla Z. Logan's short story follows a classic theme of American fiction, the confrontation of the new world with the old. Miss Logan's San Francisco novel, *Josie con Amore,* was published last year by Norton. . . . Paul Klee, of whom it is said that he rendered visible the invisible, is the subject of two major art shows. The first, described by **Alfred Werner,** will be at the Guggenheim Museum in New York until April 30; the second, a retrospective organized by the Guggenheim in collaboration with the Pasadena Art Museum, is currently in Pasadena, California, and is scheduled later to travel around the country. Mr. Werner's recent books include *Chagall* (Tudor) and *Modigliani* (Abrams). . . . "Ship's Mass" marks **Nancy G. Westerfield's** second appearance in *The Reporter.* Mrs. Westerfield lives in Kearney, Nebraska. . . . **William Beecher** is the Pentagon correspondent for the New York *Times*. . . . **Edward Lueders** teaches English at the University of Utah, and is a poet, critic, and essayist. His *Carl Van Vechten and the Twenties* was published by the University of New Mexico Press. . . . **C. W. Griffin, Jr.,** is an engineer and a journalist.

Our cover is by **John Wilson,** professor of art at Boston University.

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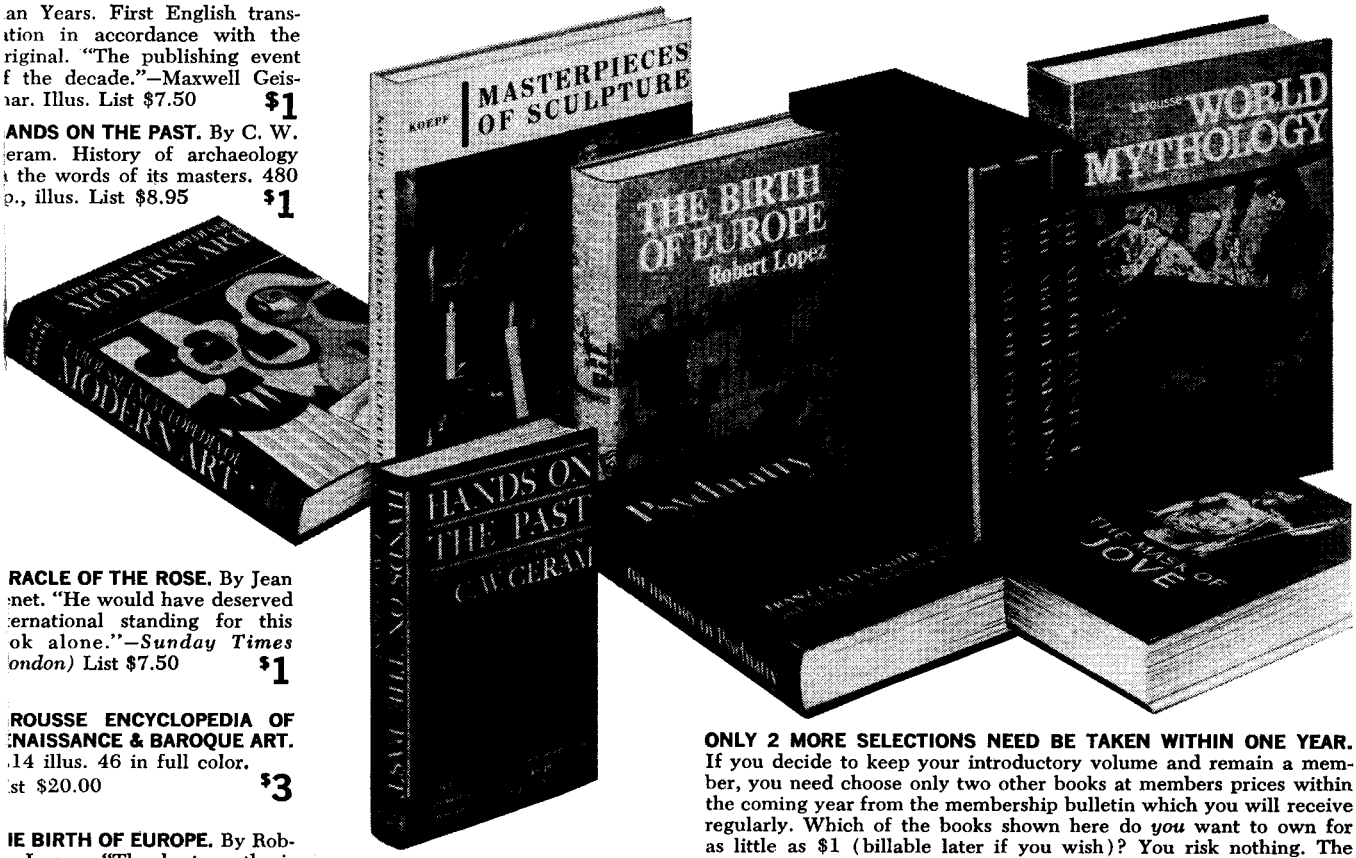

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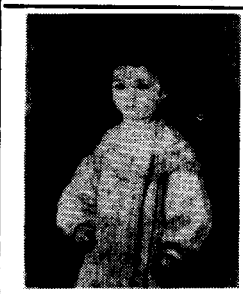

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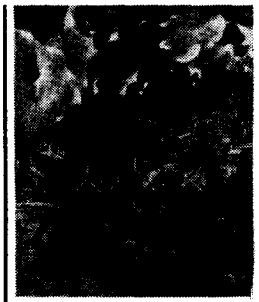

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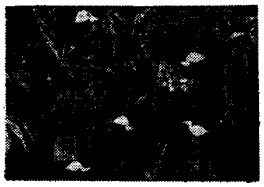

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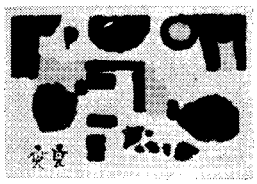

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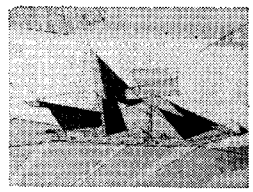

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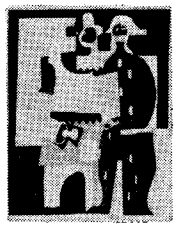

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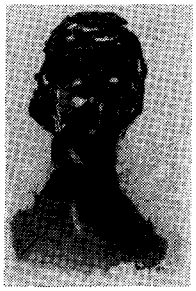

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DELIBERATE SPEED

To the Editor: George B. Driesen's "A Civil-Rights Setback in Southern Courts" (*The Reporter*, February 23) was well balanced and generally perceptive. It does appear to be open season on civil-rights lawyers in the South, and the season is not yet over.

At the same time, there is occurring in Deep South courts (at least those in Mississippi) a dimly noticeable erosion of the typical Southern justice toward Negroes. It can hardly be called a trend, it by no means suggests a diminution in prosecution of baseless charges, and yet it is ever so slowly taking place. A very fine instance of it occurred recently when, for the first time to my knowledge, a trial in a court of record in Mississippi in a civil-rights case tried by civil-rights lawyers resulted in a hung jury. This was in the circuit court in Issaquena County. We have had a number of instances of dismissals of cases pending before circuit courts, of releases of convicted prisoners from jail where we have sought post-conviction remedies because of denials of their Constitutional rights, and even of a few acquittals in justice-of-the-peace courts.

I reiterate that it does not mark any dramatic turnabout. But it does reflect the impact that civil-rights lawyers are beginning to have on criminal justice in the Deep South. No doubt that is why we have become targets.

DENISON RAY, Chief Counsel
Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law
Jackson, Mississippi

MORE ON MEXICAN-AMERICANS

To the Editor: "Mexican-Americans" have made a vast amount of progress in the last decade, and especially in the last four or five years. I think that this is because the Federal government has been committed to bring every American within reach of the fruits of our wealth. Progress grows at an ever-accelerating rate, and the "militancy" that Marvin Alisky wrote about in "The Mexican-Americans Make Themselves Heard" (*The Reporter*, February 9) is only a sign of the progress that is going on now, and not the substance beneath the noise. Increasingly, the problems of "Mexican-Americans" are the problems of success rather than of defeat and antipathy. There are many men willing to fight now that there is success in sight. But the real fight was to bring the light into sight, and that is over now.

HENRY B. GONZALEZ
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

THE RELEVANCE OF RFK

To the Editor: You have unnecessarily and unfairly criticized Senator Robert Kennedy in "The Reporter's Notes" for February 23. It seems especially absurd to question Kennedy's activism and enthusiasm in light of his many lethargic and prosaic colleagues in the Senate. Those politicians who never say or do anything are the ones to be lampooned. And it is these men who are passing into "irrelevance."

MARC L. CUMMINGS
Louisville, Kentucky

To the Editor: I suspect you are rather bored with readers' comments, but I did want to say that your observations on the junior Senator from New York are very well taken.

SEBASTIAN B. LITTAUER
New York

WHO'S KIDDING?

To the Editor: "George Wallace Isn't Kidding," Jules Witcover writes in your February 23 issue on the Alabamian's Presidential aspirations. Maybe *he* isn't, but a lot of other would-be candidates seem hardly to be taken seriously. How many more years, for example, are those of us who grew to voting age in the 1950's going to have to read polls that show Richard Nixon is right in there for the Republican nomination, or articles that report Ronald Reagan (now only weeks in his first political office) is not ruling out a call to the White House? All we need is Harold Stassen back on the stump to complete a roster of kidders who aren't kidding. At least on Election Day the rest of us can show that we aren't kidding either.

PETER VAN SICKLEN
Washington, D.C.

AID TO AFRICA

To the Editor: I was astonished to read in "The Reporter's Note" "Peanuts for Africa" in the February 23 issue that you regard the $195-million foreign-aid request for Africa as negligible. In the first place, aid to Africa quite properly is less than that to Southeast Asia, where we are waging a war and could well do much more for the peoples we have taken within our sphere of influence. In the same way, our close neighbor Latin America clearly has priority over Africa. On the other hand, we have long been asking our allies to do more in the foreign-aid field. Since Africa's new nations were almost all former colonies of France and Britain, and going back a bit further, of Germany and Italy, why should not Europeans provide the bulk of assistance to Africa? As a matter of fact, they are doing so, and for you to suggest that we can pick up some political bargains in Africa with a little more cash is entirely naïve.

WILBUR LATHAM
Baltimore

PAVLOV OR FREUD?

To the Editor: Until I read Norman Moss's article ("McNamara's ABM Policy: A Failure of Communications," *The Reporter*, February 23) on the games people in the Pentagon are playing with missiles and anti-missile missiles, I had been naïve enough to believe that the phrase "sophisticated weaponry" was a rather peculiar one simply meaning "technically complex weaponry." Thanks to Mr. Moss, I think I've been enlightened. What it seems to mean, according to McNamara's rules, is that a weapon is not only a weapon but a gesture. Since Americans have read Freud, their gestures are "sophisticated" symbols of American intentions, and therefore a cue to the Russians as to what gestures they should make in return. The trouble is, the Russians seem to follow Pavlov rather than Freud. Their responses are preconditioned and we are playing the game by different rules.

If the game involved gestures only—and not the missiles behind them—the whole thing might be an intriguing kind of word game. But this ain't no game, and maybe we'd better play it straight, à la Pavlov rather than Freud. Let's do what's good for us rather than what we think the Russians think we think is good for us. It might be easier on everybody, especially Robert McNamara.

GEORGE G. MARSHALL
Boston

KRAHN FOR BREAKFAST

To the Editor: Fernando Krahn's wordless expressions of the profundities of life are incredible. However, he has outdone himself in the February 23 issue. Would it be possible to obtain an enlarged print of the cartoon suitable for framing? I wish to place it in a very prominent area of my office, since I am certain that it will serve better than that first cup of coffee in the morning as the stimulus for making it possible to face the difficult day ahead.

MORTON C. CREDITOR, M.D.
Chicago

EIMERL SPELLS 'FUNNY'

To the Editor: Having found Sarel Eimerl's review of the San Francisco film festival one of the most astute and amusing comments I've ever read on this city, as well as on the festival, I was delighted to find him if anything more astute and more amusing on late TV shows ("Finite Variety," *The Reporter*, February 23).

ALICE ADAMS LINENTHAL
San Francisco

CORRECTION

To the Editor: In your February 23 article "The Atom's Challenge to the Coal Industry," Bill Kovach and Nat Caldwell state that Shell Oil has acquired C. H. Sprague, the country's largest coal exporter. For your information, Shell has no ownership whatsoever in C. H. Sprague Company.

R. G. PEARSON, Manager
News and Information Division
Shell Oil Company
New York

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These Bronx teenagers have found a peaceful way to fight in Vietnam. But they need your help.

Jones W[illegible] Lucy Crawford and Robert Carl[illegible] are three of the leading students at Olinville Junior High School in the Bronx. The youngest is 12. The eldest is 15. All of them are helping a Vietnamese child and his family in their fight against hunger and despair.

Last year the student council at Olinville voted to share some of its good fortune with a Vietnamese child and family struggling to survive in a refugee camp. Through *Save The Children Federation* they're giving $15 a month to help the Nguyen Huans, a family of five with two sons, Viet and Tam, and a daughter six.

The Huans lost everything in the war and for two years have been sharing a tiny room with another family. There is no privacy, no electricity, no running water, and one daily loaf of bread between them. The father works as a laborer for $1 a day. The mother spends her day collecting firewood for cooking and heat. And the eight-year-old son takes care of the two little ones.

The $15 each month provided by the children from Olinville Junior High has already had startling effects. It is providing the Huans with desperately needed clothes and food. With a small loan, the father has been able to start a small store in the family's half room. The money left over, together with money provided by other American sponsors, was borrowed by the refugee camp to help build a community market place and, most important, a school. The Huans are still a long way from winning the battles against hunger and poverty. But the pair is giving them a way to hope.

Peace may soon come to Vietnam. But for hundreds of thousands even a political solution won't help unless they get food and clothes right now, and a reason to believe that the future will be brighter. Your help is needed to give them a little boost to help them to begin helping themselves.

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We can't promise you that [illegible] is the answer to save the world. Just a small piece of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world, if there are enough of you out there.

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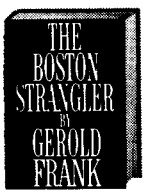

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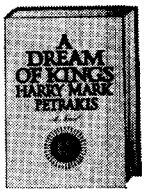

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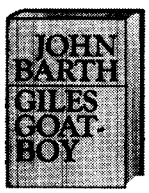

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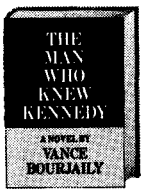

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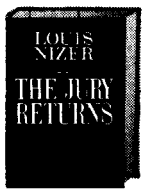

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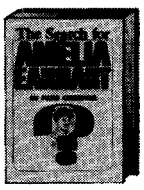

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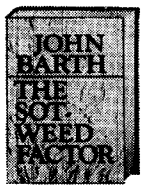

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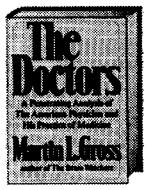

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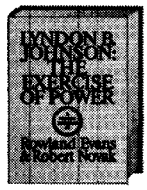

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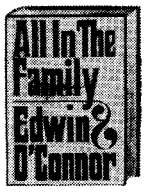

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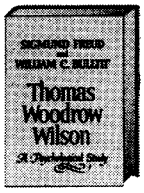

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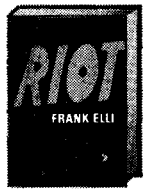

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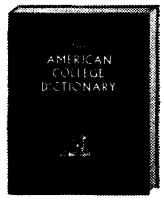

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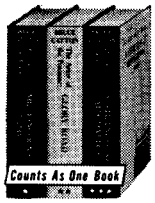

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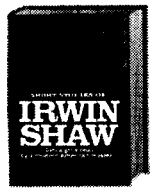

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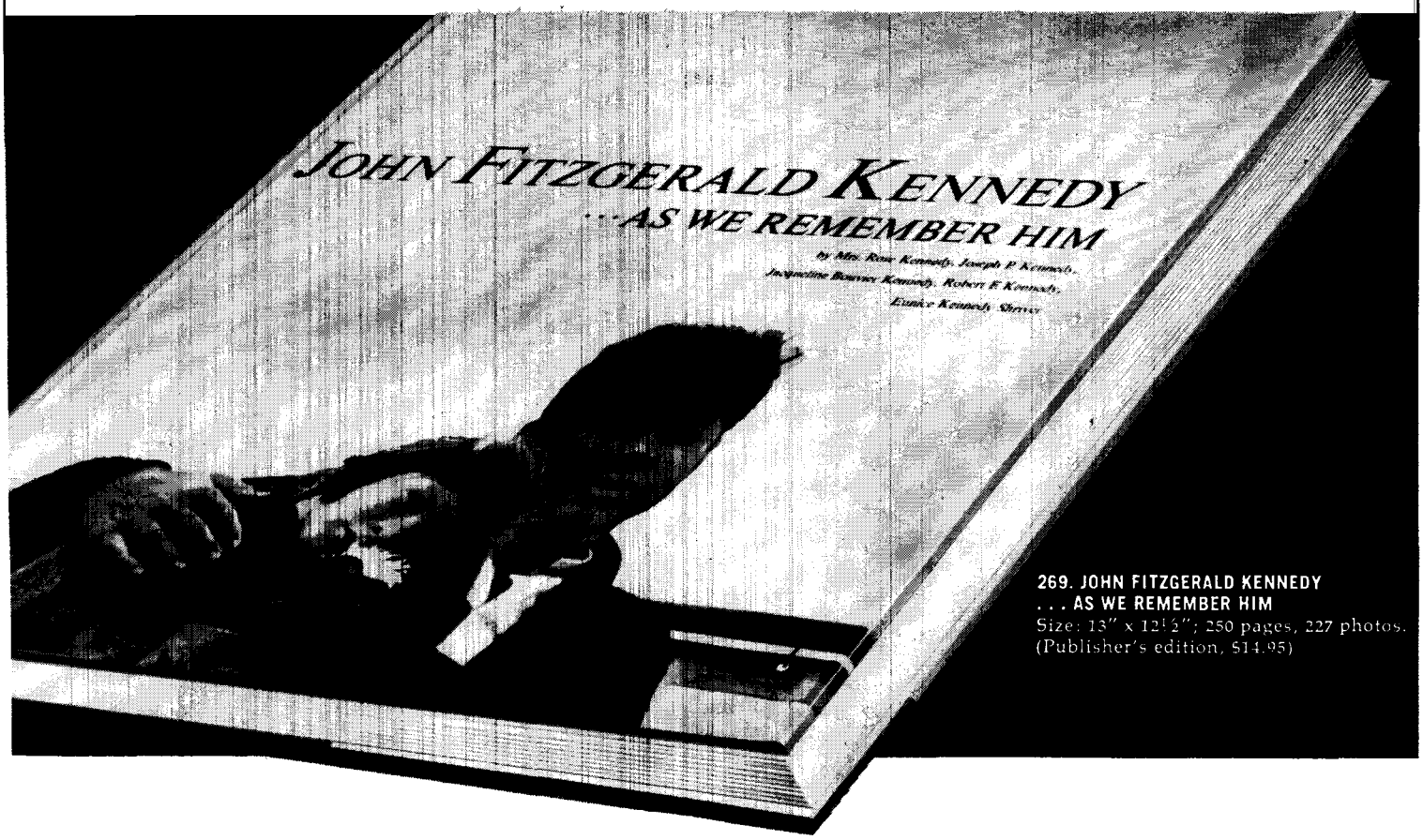

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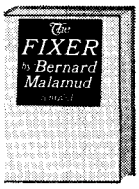

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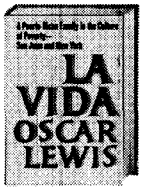

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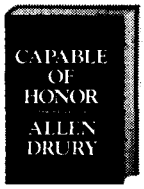

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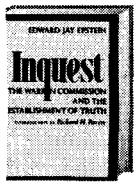

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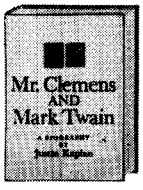

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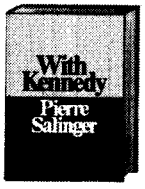

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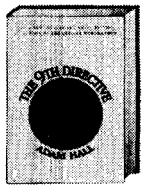

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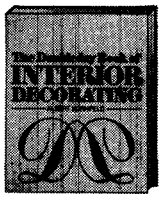

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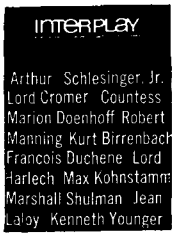

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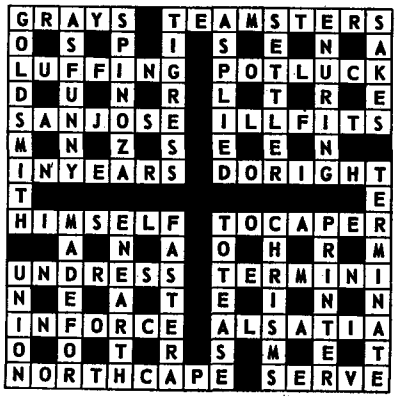

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The French Elections

PARIS

Even before the final round of the French National Assembly elections, their most significant revelation from the U.S. point of view was already made clear in the Department of Lot in the southwest.

Maurice Faure, former president of the Radical Party and hitherto all-powerful boss of Lot, had refused to join his national party in the new Popular Front alliance with the Communists and had set up an independent Center-Left anti-Gaullist ticket in two districts of the department. In the district where Faure ran, the anti-Gaullist vote was further split because a Communist and an official candidate of François Mitterrand's Federation of the Left—mainly composed of Socialists and orthodox Radicals—were also in the race against a young and dynamic Gaullist. In the first-round voting on March 5, Faure came in second behind the Gaullist, while the Communist and Federation of the Left candidates between them rolled up some eight hundred more votes than Faure.

Faure joined the Popular Front three days later. As part of the deal, he publicly urged his candidate in the other Lot district to withdraw in favor of the Communist, whereupon the Communist and Federation of the Left candidates in Faure's district were ordered to withdraw so that he could face the Gaullist without competition.

In certain respects, the arrangement was logical. Having failed to beat the local Popular Front, it was natural for Faure to join it—after all, his party had already done so at the national level. Also, as an implacable anti-Gaullist, Faure could argue that it was his duty to save Lot from Gaullist tyranny at any cost.

Up to then, however, Faure had figured as one of the most tough-minded opponents of Communism in French public life. When even such dedicated anti-Communists as Guy Mollet and Gaston Defferre reluctantly joined the new Popular Front under Mitterrand's banners, Faure had made a public issue of not following their example, intimating that he would rather be drummed out of the Radical Party. Even more than Mollet and Defferre, he has been a passionate advocate of European union, a loyal defender of NATO, and a bitter critic of de Gaulle's foreign policy. Consequently, his switch—an otherwise routine bit of political horse trading in the style of the Fourth Republic—became overnight a national scandal.

The violence of the reaction throughout the country indicates a real change in the moral climate of French political life since de Gaulle came to power. It would be rash to assert that the Fifth Republic is more high-minded than its predecessor in all respects, but certain blatant forms of political cynicism do seem to have gone out of fashion. In reviving them, Faure and the other leaders of the Federation have done more to discredit the old-fashioned style of French parliamentary democracy than anything de Gaulle himself has said about it. They have also succeeded—to de Gaulle's great satisfaction—in discrediting European unity and Atlantic solidarity, with which Faure had been identified.

The great loser in the elections was the loose but once-powerful Centrist coalition denounced by its adversaries as "the American party." The shattering first-round defeat of Jean Lecanuet's Democratic Center illustrated on a broader scale the same political and moral debacle that occurred in Lot. Lecanuet's choice in defeat was to become in effect a fellow traveler of Gaullism rather than of Communism, but basically his predicament was the same as Faure's.

It was not so much the popularity of Gaullist foreign policy that de-

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stroyed the French Center as the unpopularity of Washington's European policy as the French have seen it manifested for the last six years. The political bankruptcy of the Fourth Republic's last survivors in large part reflects the diplomatic bankruptcy of the Western Alliance.

—EDMOND TAYLOR

The Loner

Even when the hearts of millions were with him on his one-man march through the South, James Meredith trod a lonely path in pursuit of what he sometimes calls his "divine responsibility." Today he is even more alone, showered by abuse from members of his race who are outraged by his acceptance of the Republican nomination to run against Adam Clayton Powell in next month's special election. Even top Republican leaders in New York have mostly condemned him or conspicuously avoided going to his support. Characteristically, Meredith's decision is rooted deep in principle: although he has no hope of winning and has himself accused Congress of racial bias in unseating Powell, he objects to the prevailing Harlem view that the two-party system must be suspended indefinitely in New York's Eighteenth Congressional District.

The contrast between the two men could not be more extreme or more appropriate as a test of principles. Meredith has an almost mystical sense of his mission; Powell, the minister whose standard injunction is a flip "Keep the faith, baby," feels the world owes him a living of pleasure without responsibility. It is plain, as Meredith says, that the people of Harlem "deserve more than they're getting." And it is equally plain that, when it comes to their Congressman, most of them want what they've got. Meredith's point is that nevertheless "the people must have a chance to make a choice."

It is an all-important point, and it is a sad thing to see so many who claim to be fighters for democracy so eager to deny it. When emotions dominate the scene, the *voice of truth is often hard to hear.* We want Mr. Meredith to know that he is not alone on this march.

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The Two USAs

THE SPEECH by Robert Kennedy on the floor of the Senate on March 2, has made it brutally clear: there are two USAs. There is not much news in the speech itself to distinguish it from pronouncements by the most authoritative critics of this country's involvement in Southeast Asia, and particularly in Vietnam. The oversized speech was long enough, and a number of reasonable people asked, "What is it all about?" If this is the climax, it's a dud.

Many, many professionals of political analysis and expression worked on it through long bull-sessions, following a well-established routine; the implications and ultimate aims were skillfully covered up and the style tailored to the personal characteristics of this Kennedy. Here there was no rhythmic cadence of theme and countertheme, no inner or outer lyricism. One argument followed mechanically after the other, although there was nothing notable in each part or in the whole.

The family must be mentioned first, for deliberately or undeliberately it gives the most striking, powerful character to the one USA that is on the rampage. Do I need to tell *The Reporter's* readers that I belong to the other USA? Everything in this split is unprecedented in this country. What is it that keeps apart the two USAs—one on a twenty-four-hour-a-day offensive, the other, led by the President, fighting to defend its Constitutional power? The division is not determined by geography or economics and, to be fair to both sides, there is not much political ideology involved. Between the two, there is something far more serious in conflicting beliefs in what America stands for. A number of ill-assorted, haphazard groups of citizens have been grabbed and then kept under control by the one USA that is on the rampage: many but by no means all intellectuals, professionals in the technical use of reason, expression, and communication are to be found together with a mass of men and women who could scarcely be counted among intellectuals. The liberals are, according to tradition, the guardians of freedom, particularly freedom of speech. Recently that very good man and very good liberal Hubert Humphrey, in answer to a noisy walkout by a slim minority of New York intellectuals, calmly said, "This is what we mean by free speech." He is right—up to a terminal point. One step beyond this point, free speech ends. I have seen it happening when I was a young man in my native country. After a short spell of controlled anarchy, Mussolini took over.

The America that is on the rampage occasionally uses the freedom of speech which Humphrey accepted with equanimity. More frequently, it uses what may be called the rosary technique: names of some of the most notable international figures, supposed to have worldwide appeal, are devoutly recited. High on the list is U Thant, whose jurisdiction presumably extends to every country in the world. However, this poor man has proved unable to gain the sense of the world as a whole, East and West, and his impudent antagonism to the West, and particularly to the USA, has been mounting since he took office. Recently, it must be said, he has been honest enough to recognize that on his trip to the East in a holiday search for what he calls peace, he has been talking, privately to be sure, as an Easterner to Easterners. This should be enough to disqualify him from keeping his office. It should have been enough to open the eyes of even Ambassador Goldberg, and it is to be hoped that it has been more than enough for the President.

In this random list of names, the one which hurts me the most to mention is that of a man called, until 1963, Giovanni Battista Montini. How could he come on a pilgrimage to the U.N., how could he consider U Thant as a near colleague? Perhaps all this proves is that the Vicar of Christ greatly needs the indulgence of his friends.

THE BEGINNING of the split in this country was determined by an appalling tragedy that no one who followed it can possibly forget. For three days, our lives were on the TV screen. Ever since, the family and certainly Robert F. Kennedy, have not neglected anything to keep us in front of that screen. It is the major weapon that they use to bring about their America. When they need assistance they get it, without much effort. Heeding their call are those who, even if they tried, could not bring themselves to recognize that the Constitution had given the country a new President. Even after the great electoral triumph of Lyndon Johnson, these people have be-

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come if anything more unreconciled to the presence of that usurper in the White House. The restoration must take place and a line of succession according to a new legitimacy must be made first into a tradition, and then into a sacred law.

Post-revolutionary France went through something similar after the Empire of the first Napoleon. A second and minor Napoleon grabbed power some years later according to the inimitable laws of French political messiness. It ended at Sedan. In between the two Napoleons a tradition had established itself that still somehow survives, even if the Bonapartes still around do not amount to much. De Gaulle himself had a hard time before daring to ask that his election be decided by popular mandate.

The United States now has its own Bonapartism that aims at permanent power, using of course greatly different methods. This is a country infinitely stronger than France ever was under any king or emperor. It is also a very conservative country, and once a tradition has been established, it sticks. Political power everywhere can be gained by the party which makes the most popular use of the issue that keeps the people convulsed. There is no need to mention the particular issue of today. On both sides, every effort is bent on explaining why the country is in Vietnam, how it can win, or why it should get out of Vietnam regardless of the cost to its dignity and its future.

Senator Kennedy gave the latest and longest definition of the second option on March 2. There is little use now in pretending to summarize that speech. There would equally be no use in trying to list and summarize its contradictions. Certainly, there is no use in entering into polemics about what the administration was supposed to have suggested a year ago but refuses to consider now. There is a sickening quality in a great deal of what the administration's critics say, one parodying the other, but here I share the disposition of Dwight Eisenhower, who did not like to deal in personalities.

For the moment, let it be enough to say that the conclusion of Senator Kennedy's speech is that this country should give itself and its power of decision to the enemy it is facing in Vietnam. Would he have the U.S. assume before the world the role of the one who patiently waits, even if the enemy refuses for one week and, indeed, for much longer to give any answer, while the American trust is handed over to the United Nations, meaning U Thant?

THIS IS MY personal interpretation of the Senator's speech, accompanied by the fervent hope of being wrong. Robert F. Kennedy cannot possibly advocate an end of the war in Vietnam that would alter the balance of power and give supremacy to the Soviet Union. Since the end of the Second World War this balance has been maintained in a series of token encounters with the Communist enemy.

The administration has been on the defensive for months and months, forced to make a number of concessions which perhaps started with the President's speech at Johns Hopkins. The administration accepted a new Geneva conference, modeled after those of 1954 and 1962; it adopted the conference-table mythology. Under savage attack from inside and outside it probably could not do otherwise.

Personally, as I assume most of *The Reporter's* readers know, I had to leave my native land in search of the freedom this country has given me. It is my own country. Its freedom is my freedom, and both are equally essential to me. I am proud to belong to that America which has its leader in Lyndon Johnson.

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What Is Racial Balance in the Schools?

MEG GREENFIELD

On February 20, the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights released its special report on race and education, a 276-page document calling on Congress to eliminate racial imbalance in the public schools. Since Congress's principal activity in the field so far has been the fitful attachment of "anti-bussing" amendments to various pieces of legislation, newsmen who were present at a briefing on the report asked whether the commissioners were not being somewhat unrealistic. In reply, a spokesman observed that the commissioners had a history of proposing civil-rights measures which, though thought to be very advanced at the time, were eventually accepted and enacted into law.

The observation was accurate, but it may not have been wholly to the point. For in many respects, the campaign to alter the racial composition of schools in the North and the West differs in kind, not just in degree, from what has gone before. It is a measure of this difference that white taxpayers' groups and others who are resisting the effort have taken to citing civil-rights statutes to prove that government is enjoined from dealing in race for any purpose, while those who favor it have countered with such unreassuring precedents as the wartime relocation of Japanese-Americans. Indeed, few issues have produced so much confusion—legal, moral, and political—or inspired so many charges of bad faith, not just between opponents but among allies. By now, almost everyone who has come out strongly for one approach or another to the problem of racial concentration in the schools has been called a racist by others who are equally concerned but differently disposed.

One reason the commission made its request of Congress is that the Federal courts have been reluctant to accept the parallel between Northern and Southern school segregation and thus to invoke the remedies available under law. Is the North-South parallel a useful one? Are Southern-style remedies appropriate in the North? At what cost should the drive for integration be pursued? These are the questions with which the courts have been struggling, and they are also at the heart of the current debate over racial imbalance—although they are sometimes hard to perceive through the semantic fog.

The Loaded Lexicon

Most hotly contested public issues tend to develop a terminology of their own, a system of loose and loaded phrases whose meaning becomes less clear with the passage of time. The problem is acute where Northern integration is concerned, because state and local policy pronouncements and lower-court rulings have frozen some of the more impenetrable concepts into law. A few of these require definition.

"Bussing." This poor gerund has come into widespread use bearing two false and alarming implications. As a catchall term it suggests that the Northern effort is primarily concerned with integration by transportation, and it also suggests an element of force—unwilling passengers bound for some remote destination where they will be unwillingly received. Although large-scale long-distance bussing does figure in some integration plans, it is generally as a last resort. More frequently Northern school boards have been under pressure to redraw zoning lines, eliminate run-down Negro schools, adopt some version of the Princeton school-pairing plan, halt discriminatory transfers that hold Negroes in place but permit white children to flee, and/or integrate teaching staffs. Moreover, where bussing does occur, it is often on a voluntary basis, the result of "open enrollment" and similar schemes which permit Negro children to attend schools that are better and less crowded than those in their own neighborhoods.

The natural enemy of the bus and its defenseless prey—at least in the

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bestiary of Congress—is the "neighborhood school." Some have even gone so far as to suggest that the right to attend one is implanted in the Constitution somewhere, but if it is there, the courts have yet to find it. Still, sentimentality runs high on this subject and in many quarters appears to have overwhelmed both memory and logic. The virtues of the neighborhood school are habitually invoked, for instance, in parts of the South where there have never been neighborhood schools, and also along certain newly populated stretches of highway in the North where there have never even been neighborhoods.

The NAACP, which is the wellspring of integrationist activity in the North, has lately been at pains to allay the excessive public fear of bussing. ("Bussing . . . is *not* a plan of desegregation. School busses are a means of transportation . . . the use of school busses does not represent a departure of any kind. . . .") Nevertheless, it is true that its integration plans require a considerable reshuffling of students and that the priority it assigns to the alteration of racial patterns has led it to ignore or discount the very real advantages of the neighborhood school—as well as its occasional necessity. In Gary, Indiana, where the NAACP lost one of its most important Northern cases, Dr. Max Wolff, the ubiquitous expert on integration plans, told the court he had devised a practical scheme for the racial reapportionment of Gary's schools. During his cross-examination, however, it became plain that Dr. Wolff had all but overlooked the fact that the elongated strip of land he would have had the children traversing was crossed by three U.S. highways, the Little Calumet River, and the tracks of nine different railroads, including the Pennsylvania and the Wabash main lines.

"Racial Imbalance." This term, which implies that there is an alternative condition of balance, is used to describe a preponderance of Negro students in a school. Variously, it is defined in absolute and relative terms. Imbalance has been said to occur when a school is forty per cent, sixty per cent, or seventy-six per cent Negro, for instance. Massachusetts and New York State use fifty per cent and the Civil Rights Commission favors this figure too: it recommended that Congress adopt it as a reasonable standard for judging racial imbalance.

If something seems slightly askew in the suggestion that Congress define imbalance as that point at which the races have become perfectly balanced, it can be explained as the commission's effort to secure the more or less uniform application of a relative formula—that is, one which rests on a comparison between the number of Negroes in a given school and in a given community, or in its student population as a whole. There are many such formulas. The urban specialist Professor Robert Dentler, for instance, has described a racially malapportioned school as one in which any racial group accounts for less than half or more than twice its ratio to the local population. In addition, there is a body of thought that holds that imbalance can be discerned and therefore need not be defined. Thus Dr. John H. Fischer, the president of Columbia Teachers College, has written that the "simplest" test of imbalance is to ask "whether a particular school is viewed by the community as a 'Negro' school."

This profusion of judgments has hampered the NAACP's effort to establish a Constitutional right—or more precisely the deprivation of one—on the part of plaintiffs attending imbalanced schools. Such a right must be defined with at least a degree of exactness and it must also be generally applicable. Here, all standards—absolute, relative, and even intuitive—fail. The fifty per cent figure may work in Boston, which has a Negro school population of twenty-nine per cent, but it is of little use in Washington, say, or Philadelphia, where Negro students comprise, respectively, over ninety per cent and almost sixty per cent of the students in public elementary schools. Again, circumstances such as those in Gary may inhibit a school board from meeting the percentages imposed by a given formula, except at great hazard to the children or at intolerable expense to the community. What the Civil Rights Commission has asked of Congress is that it determine the percentage point at which racial imbalance constitutes a denial of equal protection under the Fourteenth Amendment. This most courts so far have declined to do.

In addition to its various mathematical meanings, the concept of imbalance leads a whole separate life as a synonym for "segregation." A majority of courts appear to distinguish between the two, treating segregation as a cause and imbalance as an effect. But they are used interchangeably throughout the literature on this subject and also in legal briefs and state and local regulations. Thus, the predominance of one race in a classroom is often described not as imbalance caused by segregation but simply as "segregation." The Coleman Report of 1966, which was commissioned by the U.S. Office of Education and is the standard work on race and the schools in the North, follows this usage: "The great majority of American children attend schools that are largely segregated—that is, where almost all of their fellow students are of the same racial background as they are." Similarly, Federal Judge George C. Sweeney ruled for Negro plaintiffs in Springfield, Massachusetts, on the grounds that Springfield had failed to remedy "segregation in the sense of racial imbalance."

"Segregation." Where this term is taken to mean the cause of racial concentration in a schoolroom, it is ordinarily regarded as having two forms, de jure and de facto. The Supreme Court has yet to accept a de facto case for review (appeals from both sides have been turned down), but the court has been plainspoken about de jure segregation. It has outlawed state statutes, local regulations, and all manner of administrative hocus-pocus in the South that is discriminatory in intent and permits the state to segregate children by race. Few Northern communities can be caught out at this sort of thing, but where—as in New Rochelle, New York—the judge finds evidence of discriminatory zoning maneuvers, the school board will face the music as written by the court in 1954 in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* and fully orchestrated in a variety of subsequent decisions.

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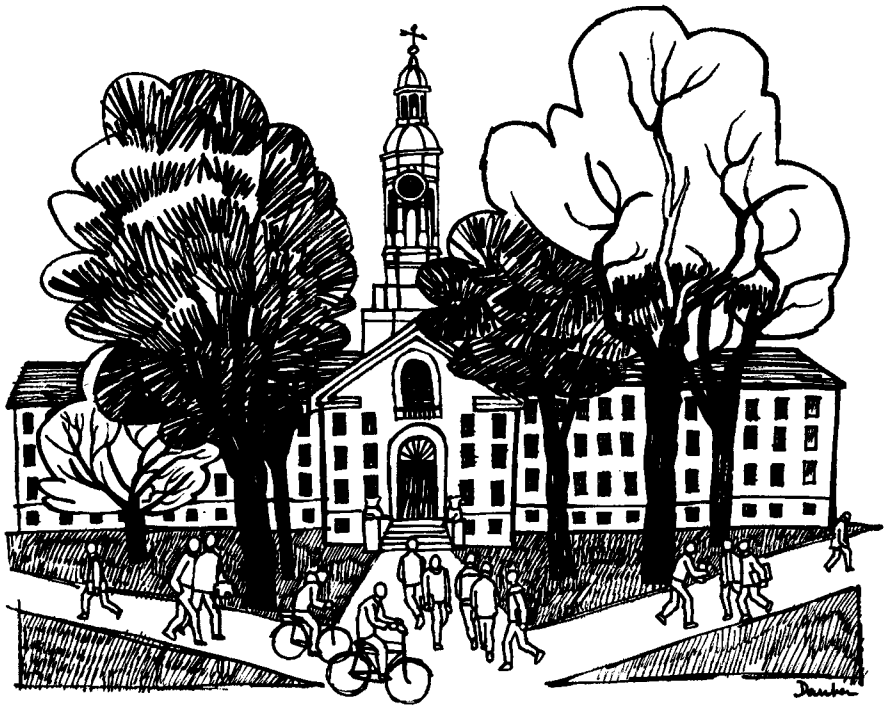
De facto, or "adventitious," segregation is a phrase used to describe a way of segregating children by superimposing school zones on all-Negro or all-white neighborhoods. No one seems satisfied with the term: some object to the part about segregation, and others to the part about de facto. In Gary and again in Cincinnati, for example, Federal courts have insisted, as it was put in the Cincinnati case, that an element of official discrimination is required to transmute "mere separation into segregation." Judge George Beamer in the Gary case held that a segregated school was one "which a given student would be otherwise eligible to attend, except for his race or color...."

For its part, the NAACP, which has lately disclaimed the modifier "de facto," maintains that in Gary, Cincinnati, and elsewhere throughout the North, Judge Beamer's description fits the condition of the Negro child. This argument rests on the view, propounded in many law journals, that a government is at least the sum of all its parts and that many of its parts—the Federal Housing Administration, to name but one—have acquiesced in racial discrimination. In other words, a school board that makes compact zones out of neighborhoods whose existence owes much to discriminatory housing practices is in effect compelling attendance at a racially segregated school. Once the NAACP set out to prove the validity of this proposition, it was curtains for the term "de facto," suggesting as it does a phenomenon for which there is neither cause nor cure.

Even as civil-rights lawyers in the North have been trying to obliterate the distinction between de facto and de jure segregation, Federal courts in the South have been insisting that it exists—for the benefit of Negro litigants there. Indeed, ever since the Northern cases began to multiply, there has been something like a game of judicial volleyball between the courts of the North and the South. Plaintiffs in the North have leaned heavily on favorable rulings in Southern cases, but each time they lost, that new Northern ruling would be picked up and cited by white recalcitrants in the South. Recently, in New Orleans, the Fifth



Circuit Court of Appeals announced that it was tired of playing the game and had heard all it cared to about what Judge Beamer said in Gary, Indiana. That decision, the court said, was made in the context of de facto segregation and was thus inapplicable to cases in the Fifth Circuit, "all of which involve formerly de jure segregated schools." The court further failed to appreciate a popular irony now going the rounds, namely, that the post-*Brown* South, so far as racial concentration in its schools is concerned, bears a striking resemblance to the North. The court proclaimed the analogy more apparent than real, and in so doing made a memorable contribution of its own to the ever-growing lexicon: "pseudo de facto segregation."

"Integration." The courts in the South have good reason to stress these dissimilarities: they wish to protect the validity of their own integration orders, many of which require "bussing-style" rearrangement of the races and all of which rest on the obligation of Southern school boards to remedy a past official wrong. Patiently and at some length, the Fifth Circuit has explained, for example, that Congress's hostility to racial-balance measures has no bearing on the schools of the South. It defined "integration" as the "organized undoing of the effects of past segregation."

Civil-rights lawyers in the North have enjoyed only modest success so far in transplanting this view of integration from a Southern to a Northern setting. Without the theory of "past harm"—except in a somewhat diffuse and generalized sense—their case for integration becomes more difficult to sustain. In the South, school integration can be construed as a remedy owed an entire class of persons who, solely on account of their race, were excluded from the schools in the past. Because Northern attorneys cannot produce a comparable rationale, they are vulnerable to charges in some courts that they are asking the state to indulge in racial judgments which are themselves Constitutionally suspect.

To be sure, any number of once frowned-upon practices, such as the taking of racial censuses among Federal employees, public-school children, and so on, have been restored to respectability as necessary instruments of government's new determination to correct an accumulation of old racial wrongs. Few judges have questioned the propriety of these relatively harmless departures from the so-called "color-blind" principle, but many appear to believe that remaking racial patterns

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in the schools of the North is something else again, requiring the state to deal with individuals categorically as members of a race. And, for a variety of reasons, the proponents of Northern integration have been hard put to produce a rationale that is at once compelling and consistent.

How Many Is Too Many?

To some extent, of course, the problem is due to the Northern custom of speaking in circumlocution on matters of race. But even when the gloss of "ethnicity" and "intercultural relations" has been penetrated, it is not always clear what is motivating the recommendation, whether "integration" means anything more profound than physical proximity, or who is to be integrated with whom—and why. Sometimes, for instance, the Negro child is set apart for unusual treatment on the basis of his minority status. When this is the case, however, the proposition is almost invariably qualified so as to exclude other minority groups from its meaning, such as pupils in parochial schools. Moreover, the inner logic of this argument tends to founder on the fact that it is not the Negro child's minority status but his majority presence in a given situation that is supposed to constitute the problem.

When race as such is the criterion for action, other complications ensue. The most cogent case that is made for dealing with the Negro *qua* Negro in the schools is that which rests on a view of race as ancestry and thus regards the state as making amends for historical depredations. It is an uncomfortably general approach to the individual Negroes involved, however, who may or may not wish to be considered quasi wards of the state. Still, the dilemmas it creates are nothing to those which occur when race is viewed simply as color. In Boston not long ago, the school committee decided to classify the Chinese children within its purview as "white." Last fall it was disclosed that the school board of the District of Columbia had been following the same policy, also classifying as "white" the children of black African diplomats.

In the earliest days of the effort to bring racial justice to bear on the lot of the Negro schoolchild in the North, such quandaries as these did not arise. That is because integration was not yet being pursued in its comprehensive sense or as an absolute and overriding value. At first the emphasis was upon the inferior facilities and programs provided in schools attended mainly by Negroes. There followed the gerrymander, or segregation-by-zoning, cases, which shared a common basis with the attacks on the quality of the schools: both were essentially charges of racial discrimination. The emphasis has changed, however, in recent years, in part because of the cost and difficulty of proving malicious intent on a case-by-case basis, and in part as a result of alarm over the burgeoning of Negro slum schools in cities throughout the country. The NAACP is still trying to demonstrate that its Negro plaintiffs are being denied equality of opportunity by the state. But more and more it has come to rest its case on the controversial proposition that, whatever the cause and whatever the result, too many Negro children in one place is in itself a bad thing.

Echoes of the Old South

According to Miss June Shagaloff, who is the NAACP's Director for Education Programs, more than two hundred communities in the North and the West have taken steps to integrate their school systems since 1962, when the NAACP undertook to make a major issue of de facto segregation. Other civil-rights groups stand in different relationships to this effort. Local branches of CORE, for instance, have participated in the skirmishing with zest, but CORE's leadership has shown strong reservations. Its national director, Floyd McKissick, takes the "black power" position that the whole enterprise is based on a "facile liberal equation" that makes Negro achievement dependent on the company of white children. Nor is the NAACP's courtroom operation, over which its general counsel, Robert L. Carter, presides, to be confused with its distant cousin, the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, which spent some fifteen years arguing civil-rights cases and creating that doctrine which culminated in the Supreme Court's *Brown* decision. Indeed, it did such a thorough job on the state's use of racial classifications that many of the precedents it established are what has come between the NAACP and success in the North. Certain veterans of those old court battles, moreover, are said to have their doubts about the wisdom and the efficacy of the current campaign.

The position taken by Carter and others has been defended by no less an authority than Circuit Judge J. Skelly Wright, who formerly presided over integration cases in New Or-

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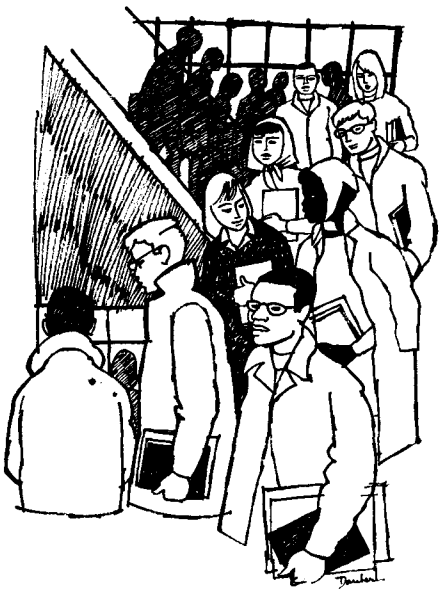
leans. Judge Wright, who has just given a sympathetic hearing to what could be a crucial case in the District of Columbia, has observed that Northern resistance to school integration reminds him of nothing so much as the Southern resistance to school integration. He notes the role that the courts have played in overcoming resistance there. The point is not one to be overlooked, since it is abundantly clear that the South does not have a corner on hypocrisy in these matters. Sometimes the pious exhortations to improve the schools in the slums do sound like a latter-day version of "separate but equal." And the warning that the white community will not abide extreme solutions has a familiar ring. As those urging school integration pointed out about their misadventure in Gary, it was all very well for white citizens there to protest that the "real" problem was housing, but when a fair-housing proposal was put to the city council of Gary, it was rejected.

DESPITE an apparent likeness of attitudes, however, circumstances are very different in the North from those which obtained in the South before *Brown*. The chief difference is the degree of freedom the white population in the North enjoys in relation to whatever a court might say. It was one thing to strike down a discriminatory statute in the South. But there is little a Northern court can do to prevent the removal of white families to the suburbs or the removal of their children to parochial schools. Moreover, even if an integration plan is ordered by a court, its success or failure often depends on decisions that must be made by the school board which puts it into effect. In short, community consent is indispensable to relieving the problems that arise in the North, and it is usually on this account that the NAACP is said to have become a victim of its own tactics.

Ordinarily, this charge is made with respect to some failure to observe the fine line between productive and self-defeating pressure—an ever-present hazard to the NAACP's activities. Especially in the big cities of the North, with their exceptional proportions of Negroes to whites and their outward-spreading Negro cores, "victory" can result in an increase of racial concentration when white children desert those precariously balanced schools which had remained. Again, in small as well as large communities, the disruptive and divisive effect of a court action can produce its own difficulties. The Springfield school committee, in what the First Circuit Court of Appeals regarded as a fit of pique, suspended its own voluntary efforts at integration when the NAACP filed suit. The court left no doubt what it thought about the school committee's behavior, but it also refused to be shocked or even surprised. "The application



of a stick," it observed, "is hardly an encouragement to egg-laying proclivities, golden or otherwise. We forbear wondering whether plaintiffs could not have expected this, and were more interested in a court order itself than in actual performance."

There is a second and perhaps more serious way in which tactical considerations have come to affect the ultimate purposes of the campaign. Much has been sacrificed by way of proving the overriding and universally valid necessity of providing Negro children with white classmates. By now, for instance, almost everyone agrees that the argument between the school improvers and the race balancers is a sterile one, since both methods have their merit in certain situations. Nevertheless, the NAACP as well as the Civil Rights Commission, while professing to hold the latter view, has been obliged systematically to minimize the worth of programs designed to improve the schooling of Negro children, with the NAACP also opposing (and occasionally enjoining) the construction of new schools in Negro neighborhoods. In addition, the exigencies of courtroom proof have led it to speak in elliptical generalities about the race whose interest it is at pains to protect. Negroes, as they emerge from the typical legal brief or in the pages of the Civil Rights Commission report, are very much alike, and very different from other people. This distortion is essential to the case being made for treating them uniquely as a racial class, and it proceeds from a special reading of *Brown*.

The Sociological Thicket

When the Supreme Court handed down its school decision in 1954, it made two points that became an immediate source of dispute. The court declared that with or without equal facilities, the "segregation of children in public schools solely on the basis of race" deprived the "minority group" children of equal protection under the Fourteenth Amendment. Having thus struck down the racial classification, the court went on to say, "To separate them from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race generates a feeling of inferiority as to their status in the community that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone." It was this formulation, bolstered by a footnote reference to the works of various social scientists ("see generally, Myrdal . . ."), which was seized upon by Southerners and numerous Northerners too as evidence that the court had forsaken Constitutional law for the murky reaches of sociology. Those who favored the decision, on the other hand, argued that it was the discriminatory racial classification of children rather than its hypothetical effects that formed the basis for the court's decision. The most widely cited comment in support of this view was made by the late jurist Professor Edmond Cahn: "I would not have the Constitutional rights of Negroes . . . rest on any such flimsy foundation as some of the scientific

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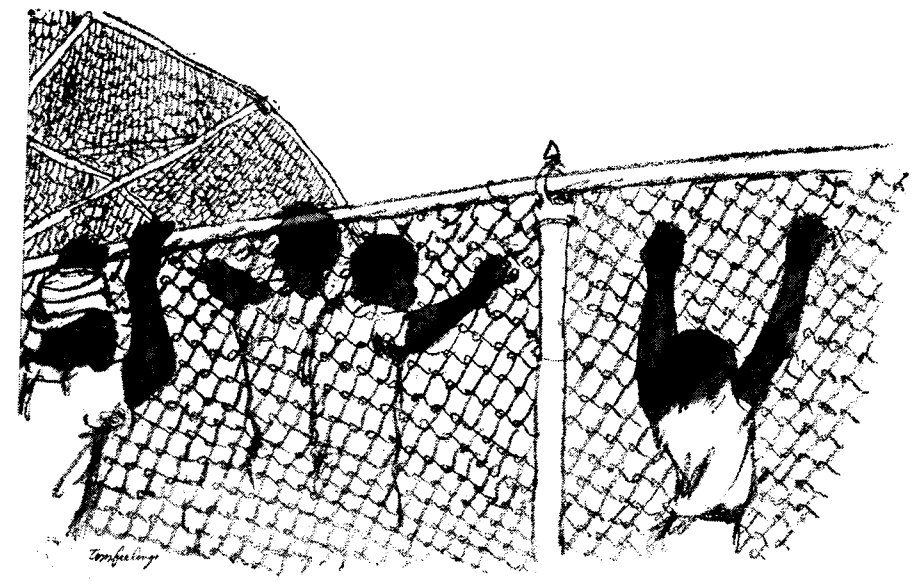

demonstrations in these records."

Thirteen years later, and in the context of Northern integration, the argument between the "racial classification" school and the "psychological damage" school continues to rage, the only difference being that the two sides have exactly reversed their positions. It was as an assistant to Thurgood Marshall, who pled the case in *Brown*, that Robert Carter told the court there was not even a need to show harmful effect, "because we maintain that this is an unconstitutional classification." That argument has been turned upon its head in support of the case against the schools in the North. Thus, Judge Wright has written: "What made the classification [of children by race] invidious and therefore unconstitutional was the inequality it produced." The "focus," he has said, "must remain on the result." And the Civil Rights Commission has underlined the point that it was the condition prevailing in the schools of the South, rather than what had caused it, which moved the court to action: "It is difficult to believe that the Court in *Brown* was attributing all of the psychological and motivational disadvantage which it cited to the circumstance of State compulsion."

The purpose of the new emphasis is twofold. It rationalizes a Northern school board's right to take race into account in its planning, and it also provides the basis for a Constitutional complaint against what might be called *ipso facto* segregation—that identity of segregation with imbalance which pervades much of the thinking in the North. The NAACP has been relatively successful on the first count. Most courts have said that a school board *may* take racial proportions into consideration, but few have accepted the proposition that *Brown* outlawed racial concentration as being harmful in itself, or the corollary which holds that a school board therefore *must* prevent imbalance.

Prior to publication of the Coleman Report, the harm that proceeded from racially homogeneous schools was often asserted but rarely defined. A committee dispatched to Malverne, Long Island, for example, to investigate conditions there for the State Commissioner of Education, found extensive separation of the races, and concluded: "It follows that the social, psychological, and educational problems which are ordinarily found in segregated or racially imbalanced schools are present in this situation." The committee did not say what these problems were, or what it was about the Negro child in the aggregate that produced the deleterious effect. Assertions of this kind abounded, and —as the result of a certain amount of circular quoting and requoting— the impression grew that there was a body of "scientific" evidence to corroborate them somewhere.

To the extent that an attempt was made to show an actual connection between the racial composition of a classroom and the achievement within it, the reasoning generally went like this: Negro schools were "stigmatized institutions" in most communities, a fact of which Negro children were well aware. In consequence, they showed a lack of motivation and self-confidence, which in turn diminished their capabilities. Two states, in fact, accorded this line of thought official status. "Modern psychological knowledge," New York State declared in 1960, "indicates that schools enrolling students largely of homogeneous, ethnic origin may damage the personality of minority group children. Such schools decrease their motivation and thus impair the ability to learn." Similarly, a committee of the Massachusetts Board of Education stated in 1964 that "racial imbalance damages the self-confidence and motivation of Negro children."

Grounds for Interpretation

When the Coleman Report came out in the summer of 1966, it was therefore rather startling to read that a survey of 600,000 children in four thousand schools had revealed that there were two specific qualities Negro children did not lack in comparison with their white counterparts—self-confidence and motivation. It was also rather startling to learn that many of the questions which had been given such authoritative answers over the years had never been systematically explored before. The study, which was directed by Dr. James Coleman of Johns Hopkins University, is a vast compendium of statistical tables interspersed with observations, some of which confounded expectation. The inferiority of the average Negro student's school itself, in terms of program and physical plant, turned out to have been overstated in the past. At the same time, the extent of the separation of the races turned out to be greater than had been supposed. The report also found that the Negro child's school played a far greater part than the white child's in his intellectual growth; that the schools nonetheless had failed to overcome the disadvantages of his economic and social background; and that the social environment of his school had an influence on his accomplishments.

What were the implications for

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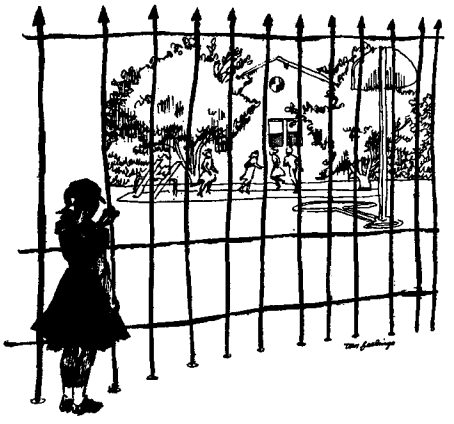
the continuing controversy in the courts? There was something to satisfy everyone. On the one hand, the report provides some evidence that racial integration is directly beneficial to the education of Negro children. On the other, it suggests that social and economic class, not race, is reflected in the generally poor performance of Negroes both singly and collectively, and that mixing them with white children of comparable background does not dramatically alter their achievement. From the superabundance of tables and charts that underlay these findings, two separate conclusions can be (and have been) reached: one has it that the Negro child's opportunity to learn is undermined when his schoolroom is dominated by members of his race; the other, when it is dominated by members of his class —children who are as poor as he is.

Clearly, two different imperatives flow from these conclusions. Those who argue the need for racial mixture have contended that the Negro's economic class is largely a result of race in the first place, and also that any bettering of his environment will require such mixing, since, as it has been put by the writer on education, Christopher Jencks, "there aren't enough middle-class Negroes to go round." The second school holds that in the areas where the trouble is most acute there aren't enough white children of any class to go around, and that programs should be organized around a principle of cultural uplift. The report's appraisal of both the importance and the failure of the schools has also rekindled the old dispute whether the schools that now exist should be improved or simply despaired of.

FOR HIS PART, Dr. Coleman has taken a rather measured view of his report. While he has urged the need to reduce "social and racial homogeneity" so that Negro students with problems to overcome are not surrounded by "mere replicas" of themselves, he has also noted the futility of achieving "*pro forma* integration," a superficial racial balance that may result in an increase in separation through ability groupings. What distinguishes his approach from that of the partisans who have set about making a case for legal action is that his public comments on the report betray no confusion of the actual people under study with the statistical abstracts about them.

The same cannot be said for the Civil Rights Commission Report, which is in its way a kind of caricature of Dr. Coleman's findings, and which illustrates the perils attending the search for simple, absolute, and comprehensive solutions to such a delicate and many-parted problem. Its argument rests, for instance, on an extremely rickety scaffolding that is built out of "probably," "tends to," and "it seems reasonable to suggest." Under compulsion to prove a point, it relegates obvious but unhelpful truths to what are often somewhat comical afterthoughts ("Students are also influenced by the



quality of education they receive in school"). Its footnotes, too, are a place of deposit for modifications of the argument. The obscurity of these qualifications, however, is as nothing to the obscurity of the Negro in this report; he is nowhere to be found. In his place is a generalized, all-purpose lower-class creature, whose occasional likeness to the rest of humanity is noted from time to time with an air of surprise. "Many Negro families," the Civil Rights Commission tells us, as if it were providing information, "like many white families, prefer to have their children attend a school close to home." Fancy that.

What Kind of Rights?

In New Rochelle, New York, after Federal Judge Irving Kaufman had ordered the school board to permit Negro children to transfer out of the almost all-Negro Lincoln School, roughly half of the children's parents took the opportunity. Subsequently, the Lincoln School was improved, a development that New Rochelle's civil-rights militants regarded as a deliberate attempt to humiliate them, and they demanded that the school be torn down. There ensued a stormy meeting, during which many persons rose to say that speaking "as parents," not "as Negroes," they favored the continuance of the Lincoln School. The epithets "Uncle Tom" and "Aunt Jemima" were hurled about, and in the end the school was eliminated.

This subordination of the Negro's personal rights and individual status to the exigencies of securing what are thought of as his racial or civil rights is the principal danger attending campaigns of the kind now being conducted on his behalf in the schools of the North. To bus or not to bus may be what is at issue, but that is not what really is at stake. Behind all the passion and rhetoric expended on this subject, there are questions that have neither been asked nor answered, although they are central to what is going on. What, for example, would be the effect on Negro children—and on adults, for that matter—of an official finding of racial disability, such as that which the commission has urged that Congress make? What are the relative merits of political organization—even under the aegis of "black power"—and legal efforts to secure racial and economic justice? Is the thesis that an all-Negro school cannot be a good school worthy of elevation to official doctrine? And how will courts in the future be able to distinguish between benign and malign statutes based on race? Few of those laws and regulations that existed before, after all, professed anything but an intent to achieve social good. It may be that piecemeal and patchwork solutions will not suffice to meet the educational needs of Negro children in the North. The question is whether the alternatives now being proposed will not create legal precedents more difficult and more dangerous to live with than those which were created by the Legal Defense Fund along the way to *Brown*.

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Governor Kirk's Not-So-Secret Police

FRANK MURRAY

MIAMI

AFTER Florida Governor Claude R. Kirk, Jr., announced at his inauguration on January 3 that he had employed a private security and detective agency, the Wackenhut Corporation, to investigate racketeers and official corruption, a controversy of major proportions seemed inevitable. Democratic state officials felt that they had reason to be apprehensive of these new and extraordinary powers assumed by the first Republican governor elected in Florida since 1872. Furthermore, neither the governor nor George R. Wackenhut, president of the corporation, would reveal full details of their agreement or the names of the voluntary donors who, according to Kirk, would pay the cost of the crusade—an estimated $2,000 a day.

Almost without exception, Florida's newspapers opposed the Kirk program. The most authoritative opposition, however, came from State Attorney General Earl Faircloth, a Democrat from Miami. The day after Kirk announced the program, Faircloth said: "The adoption of this policy raises the specter of vigilantes and bounty hunters. The exercise of police power is a very delicate and sensitive responsibility and should be left to the elected officials of the state."

The Enforcement Vacuum

On February 8, when a district court ordered new elections for a reapportioned legislature, it was assumed that a referendum on the issue was in the offing. Nonetheless, in early March, with the primary out of the way and the general election scheduled at the end of the month, Governor Kirk's war on crime proved to be no burning issue at all. Basic questions about the program's constitutionality and the legality of its financing had been raised but left unanswered, and in the absence of definite information the opposition seemed powerless to mount an effective counterattack. Meanwhile, Kirk's pledge that "no one in Florida has anything to fear from the Governor's office" apparently reassured the voters at large, who had already demonstrated in last fall's election their feeling that some kind of anti-crime campaign was needed.

No one doubts that Florida has a particularly troublesome crime problem, which in the Miami area has become acute. A 1965-1966 series of articles in the Miami *Herald* by reporter Hank Messick linked gambling and prostitution to the crime syndicate and raised questions of official collusion. His exposé prompted grand-jury investigations that resulted in the indictment of the sheriff of Broward County (Fort Lauderdale), who was accused of permitting wide-open gambling, and the sheriff of Dade County (Miami), who was accused of perjury and conspiracy to commit bribery. Both were suspended by Kirk's predecessor, Haydon Burns, but ultimately were cleared by directed jury verdicts of acquittal and dismissal of charges for legal defects.

To combat its growing problem, however, Florida has no effective state-level machinery. The highest law-enforcement agency is the Florida Sheriffs Bureau, which is responsible to a board of which the governor is ex-officio chairman but over which he has little control. The bureau has only seven investigators on its staff of eighty. It functions primarily as an identification office and a co-ordinator of information to service sheriffs. It also operates a training academy for local police. It cannot send its investigators into a county unless the sheriff requests them. As Kirk pointed out, "A killer cannot be pursued from Pensacola to Key West."

The reason why Florida has done nothing to correct this deficiency is simple enough: the sheriffs, for the most part, like things as they are. They have lobbied successfully against any legislative action that would have curtailed their traditional perquisites and powers.

IN HIS CAMPAIGN for governor last fall, Claude Kirk used the crime issue to good advantage. "I would not allow my mother to walk on the streets of Miami," he told the voters. "The overlords of bookmaking, lottery, and prostitution in Miami take in one million filthy dollars each and every week. One fourth of all that money goes for graft and protection payoffs." Such talk held a strong appeal to many Floridians of both parties, and particularly to those upstate who mistrust Miamians to begin with. The rest of Kirk's platform also appealed to conservative voters—he opposed open-housing legislation and repeal of right-to-work laws—but the overriding issue was crime.

On November 6, the Sunday before election, Kirk gave voters the first hint of his plans. "I intend to employ a task force of untouchables to investigate organized crime. The organized crime element cannot make a deal with me," he said. Two days later, reversing most predictions, Kirk was elected by a plurality of more than 160,000 votes.

The next day, Kirk summoned George Russell Wackenhut to his Coral Gables campaign office and, according to Wackenhut, told him, "George, you and I are going to run the criminals out of this state." "When we finished talking details, I agreed and our men were on the street ten minutes later," Wackenhut recently told me. But Kirk did not actually announce the crime war until the day of his inauguration.

Opposition came quickly. In addition to Attorney General Faircloth, such important state Democrats as Senator George Smathers, Representatives Dante Fascell, Claude Pepper,

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and Robert Sikes, and Secretary of State Tom Adams spoke out against the program. Tobias Simon, an attorney in Miami for the American Civil Liberties Union, said, "This arrangement loses all the government controls we've built into our governmental system in the last two hundred years."

Other critics recalled episodes from Wackenhut's record, including a contempt citation in 1955 by the Circuit Court of Dade County for intimidating a witness—a citation upheld by the Florida Supreme Court. John A. Baker, foreman of a 1957 Dade County grand jury that had hired Wackenhut as an investigator, expressed grave concern: "I would be very fearful of Wackenhut getting a position of power. I would frankly fear that he might try to develop Gestapo methods." He said that Wackenhut had worked for the jury four months but, despite much conspiratorial talk and dramatic pressures that became "a nightmare" to Baker, had produced "only rumors." Wackenhut was fired by the jury several days before the term ended.

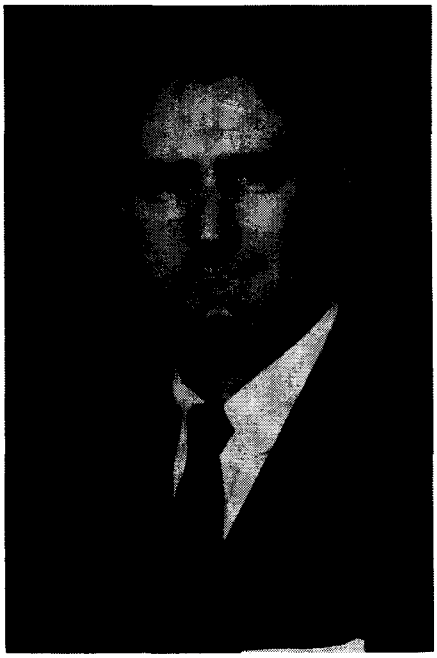
The Man and the Job

George Wackenhut, a Goldwater Democrat, was an FBI special agent from 1951 to 1954, teaching self-defense. He and three fellow agents resigned to set up a private detective agency in Miami, first called Special Investigators, Inc., which from the start has been largely staffed by recruits from the FBI.

But investigations now represent only a small fraction of Wackenhut's services. Supplying security and guard services to Federal government agencies and to private firms accounts for more than ninety-five per cent of his business, which last year grossed approximately $22 million. One of the most profitable of the 3,300 clients he claims to have is the Atomic Energy Commission, which pays about $3 million a year for protection services at the Nevada test site. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration pays $1 million a year for guard and fire-protection services at the moonport at Cape Kennedy and $400,000 for guard service at Greenbelt, Maryland.

Among the directors of the corporation are retired Generals Mark Clark, Joseph Dillon, and Kenneth McNaughton; Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, former head of Eastern Air Lines; Ralph E. Davis, a member of the National Council of the John Birch Society; and Loyd Wright, a Los Angeles lawyer who ran on an ultraconservative platform against Senator Thomas H. Kuchel in the 1962 Republican primary.

When I called on Wackenhut at his headquarters in Coral Gables, he talked quite frankly about himself, the war on crime, and the criticism that had been leveled against both. Throughout the interview a



George R. Wackenhut

tape recorder was kept running at his insistence.

He began by declaring that his agents had no powers of subpoena or arrest: "We are not private police." If any of his investigators should break the law they would be dismissed "and I'll see that they're prosecuted."

He stoutly defended his anti-Communist activities while denying that he was a member of the John Birch Society or that the war on crime would become involved with anti-Communism. Just because his agency issues a monthly two-page bulletin, "The Wackenhut Security Review: Communism and You!," which is distributed free to some sixty thousand persons, is no reason, he declared, to say he is a fascist. "What I am is American, one hundred per cent as apple pie."

Since Governor Kirk had been using the word "crime" to cover government waste, violation of fire-prevention laws, highway accidents, rural bootlegging, and "corrupt officials," I asked Wackenhut what "crime" meant to him. "We're mainly concerned about the breakdown in law enforcement brought about by organized crime—the vice crimes," he said. The crusade would "bring to the attention of the constituted authorities information on organized crime, and ferret out the corruption that permits the organized crime to exist. . . . That is a herculean but not an impossible task."

To THIS effort Wackenhut brings not only twenty-six special investigators but also his files, which he claims contain 2.5 million names, and from what I could see in a random inspection, many contain little more than that. Kept separately in manila folders are the dossiers of persons who have been investigated by the company for its private clients. These, he explained, are available to the war-on-crime investigators, but the war-on-crime files cannot be used in investigations for his private clients. "The employee who violates that rule faces immediate dismissal," he said. "The governor has sent me a letter in which he makes clear that the files are the property of the state and the information is the property of the state."

Nineteen of the special investigators are former FBI agents, and four held inspectors' ranks. The twenty-seventh member of the team was the ex-*Herald* writer, Hank Messick, who served as head of Wackenhut's criminal intelligence section co-ordinating information on Mafia and syndicate hoodlums. He quit suddenly on February 15, saying that "A hoax is being perpetrated on the people of Florida and I will not be part of that hoax."

To help his agents along, Wackenhut has launched a "Public Awareness Program" that will put up 882 billboards, donated by advertising companies, to publicize the crime war along the state highways. Its aim is to encourage Floridians to notify the police of any suspected crimes or to report such information

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by telephoning or writing Wackenhut, anonymously if they wish. Within two weeks the crime-war office had received 390 letters, fifty-seven of them unsigned, and phone calls were coming at the rate of about ten a day.

Over-all direction of the enterprise is vested, of course, in Wackenhut, who personally reports to Governor Kirk each day on a special red telephone that is connected to a coded scrambler. A similar scrambler is in Kirk's Tallahassee office. In addition, Wackenhut meets with the crime war's chief investigator, Al Healy, who once served on ex-Governor Farris Bryant's investigative staff, for about one hour each day to discuss the investigations.

Just Checking

What the crime war was adding up to, no one seemed to know. In late January Mrs. Wilma Sullivan, supervisor of elections and voting records in Leon County (Tallahassee), startled many Floridians by revealing that Wackenhut agents were poring over the voting records of state officials.

"The checks are to show they have no criminal records and are not deadbeats," Wackenhut's public-relations director, G. Ralph Kiel, explained. He pointed out that voter registration shows "whether people are U.S. citizens and whether they are qualified voters and citizens of the state." The records, of course, also show party affiliation, property ownership, and frequency of voting in specific elections. Kirk, who acknowledged that he had ordered these probes, said that all Florida governors ran checks on officials in their administrations. "Not me," said former Governor Doyle Carlton in Tampa. "Nor me," said former Governor Fuller Warren in Miami.

As days passed, more and more Wackenhut men turned up in state and county offices. One of them outraged Republican State Senator James Gregory of Fort Lauderdale by checking his background. In Bradenton, the Manatee County sheriff's office was looked in on after a lieutenant quit and accused the sheriff of operating a department filled with "filth and corruption." After a polygraph operator quit the Broward County sheriff's office and took a $155-a-week job with Wackenhut, the company's agents began digging into that office's alleged mishandling of gambling and murder investigations. And in Miami, a Wackenhut agent scrutinized cheap nightclubs and bowling alleys to find out where teen-agers were buying narcotics. Seven weeks after the war on crime was launched, Wackenhut's men had opened 192 cases, closing six of them and referring nine to law-enforcement agencies; had opened sixty-eight "intelligence files" or dossiers; and had initiated eighty-five background investigations on Kirk appointees, completing fifty-five of them.

But few of the probes seemed to have even a remote link to organized crime. Neither was there such a link in the one case that resulted in a grand-jury indictment. Woodrow J. Darden, a Democrat, superintendent of public instruction for Brevard County (the Cape Kennedy area) and a member of the state Board of Regents, was charged with grand larceny after a $400 washer-dryer, a swimming-pool heater, an intercom system, and light fixtures allegedly taken from the school system were found in his home by a Wackenhut agent. Kirk removed Darden as a regent, and he was suspended from his school job.

OPPONENTS of the Wackenhut operation faced two obstacles in attempting to mobilize public opinion and to present specific judicial or legislative measures to abolish the Wackenhut operation or clarify its legal status. One was the political vacuum that was created soon after Kirk took office when the U.S. Supreme Court invalidated the legislature's apportionment and a district court ordered the election of a new legislature. With a primary, a runoff, and a general election scheduled in the space of a month, candidates were too busy to worry about what was happening in Tallahassee or too intent on winning to take a firm stand on such a cloudy and controversial issue.

The second factor was the absence of information about the precise terms of the Kirk-Wackenhut agreement. To begin with, there was no proof that Wackenhut was, in fact, an employee of the state, a simple point but one on which all the other constitutional and legal questions turned. Governor Kirk, to be sure, said publicly in early January that he had employed Wackenhut as a dollar-a-year man and reaffirmed it in a speech on February 8: "As Florida's chief magistrate, I have commissioned the crime war 'general' to assemble for the governor's office investigative forces needed to check the underworld groups . . . ." But several days later Wackenhut, whose agency was to receive costs plus profits from the voluntary donors in addition to his token salary from Kirk, told me that no money had been paid to him. He did not seem worried about this. He said he had personally advanced working capital through short-term loans. "The interest on them would be a fine salary," the $57,000-a-year executive said, "but don't tell my stockholders or they'll wonder why we aren't being paid." If any do complain, Wackenhut can point out that since the appointment the price of Wackenhut shares has risen nearly fifty per cent on the over-the-counter market.

In his speech on February 8, Governor Kirk also declared that businessmen had begun chipping in funds to be held in trust and that he would be permanent chairman of the trust fund. Wackenhut said he understood that $3,000 in small contributions had been accumulated in a bank account. Kirk appointee Fred D. Learey, chairman of the influential Florida Council of 100 and president of General Telephone in Tampa, said he had contributed a thousand dollars to the war and had written to the hundred council members soliciting thousand-dollar contributions from each. He said four had agreed and two had declined because they disapproved of the crusade. Kirk's office said he had asked the Internal Revenue Service to give the contributions a tax-exempt status, which might make the money flow more freely, but the IRS told me the request had not been received.

A Question of Authority

One reason why Wackenhut had not received any money may be that the legality of his agreement with the

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governor was open to question. This may also explain why Attorney General Faircloth, as well as Edward Kirkland, an Orlando lawyer seeking to file a suit testing the crime war's legality, was unable to find any record in the secretary of state's office, where under law it should have been filed, showing that a contract existed between the governor and Wackenhut. It was not at all certain, in short, that the governor was legally empowered to give Wackenhut investigatory carte blanche and still less certain that he had the power to establish the trust fund to pay Wackenhut.

Florida law specifically grants to a governor the authority to hire investigative personnel on state business. But Chapter 215.31 of the Florida Statutes says: "Revenue . . . collected or received under the authority of the laws of the state by each and every state official . . . shall be promptly deposited in the state treasury . . . and no money shall be paid from the state treasury except as appropriated and provided in the biennial general appropriations act, or as otherwise provided by law." As of this writing, Kirk has not explained which "laws of the state" cover the Wackenhut arrangement and has said nothing about seeking legislative approval of it.

The chapter of the statutes on trust funds—that is, money "segregated for a purpose authorized by law"—says: "The budget commission [state cabinet] shall have the power and authority to approve the establishment of any trust fund it deems necessary to preserve the integrity of any moneys received or collected by a state agency for a specific use or purpose authorized by law." But approval of a trust fund to cover the crime war had not been sought from the state cabinet. Indeed, the attorney general, in an advisory opinion early this month, made a further point when he said that the law "does not authorize the acceptance or the establishment or the administration of any private trust for the purpose of compensating the investigative personnel of the governor employed in criminal and political investigations."

Faircloth's opinion was a strong indictment of the governor's program. It said that "the use of private investigators, paid from private sources, with their job rights and security divided between an agency of the government and private enterprise, accountable to no instrumentality of the people or the government, or to any man other than the [governor], is fraught with the possibility of danger to the citizens and their government. . . . It is immoral and unethical in concept, it is the antithesis of democratic government. . . . It creates the atmosphere of and climate for a police state. . . ." He said he hoped that the governor would either "seek an opinion of the justices of

the Supreme Court [state] as to the legality" of the Wackenhut operation, or "clearly outline his plans to the legislature at its regular session in April, and seek such authority and funds as he conceives will be necessary in carrying out his purposes."

In the wake of the Faircloth opinion came the filing of two suits by Kirkland, the Orlando lawyer, that might settle some of the questions. In one, he sought a State Supreme Court writ to prevent the financing of the Wackenhut operation. The other, filed on behalf of Woodrow Darden, asked for damages from the Wackenhut Corporation and the agent who, the complaint charged, unlawfully searched the school superintendent's home. The counteractions had finally begun.

The new legislature that convenes on April 4 will undoubtedly be heavily Democratic, and several legislative proposals relating to the war on crime can be expected.

Although Kirk has given no indication that he will accept Faircloth's suggestion about seeking legislative approval and financing, some observers believe that the governor is working on a crime-war package for the legislature and possibly other measures to regularize the program.

At least three alternative proposals are anticipated. One, being prepared by Democrat Dick Fincher of Miami, who is almost certain to be re-elected to the senate, would specifically bar Kirk from carrying out his crime program as it is now constituted. A second would bring the Florida Sheriffs Bureau directly under the governor's control with no requirement that sheriffs invite the investigators into their jurisdiction. Kirk has hinted that he might accept this alternative, but most of the sheriffs are opposed to it.

A third alternative, it is thought, will be presented by Attorney General Faircloth. It will ask the legislature to give his staff the right and the funds to carry firearms, to prosecute criminals when conditions warrant, to convene a grand jury and file charges, to subpoena persons and records in civil and criminal investigations, and to hire an investigative staff. This plan was recommended by a seventeen-member Committee on Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice, which was appointed by Faircloth last September under former Governor Burns and in conjunction with President Johnson's Crime Study Commission. While such a proposal probably would face no opposition from the strong sheriffs' lobby because it leaves the Sheriffs Bureau intact, it holds little attraction for civil libertarians who support the traditional separation of the powers of law enforcement and prosecution.

But compared to Kirk's version of the secret police, almost any alternative grounded firmly in law and open to public scrutiny looks good. A man with a reputation for acting first and reasoning later, Kirk may well prove to be the governor who paved the way for a long-needed reform of his state's crime-fighting machinery.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No.165

by HENRY ALLEN

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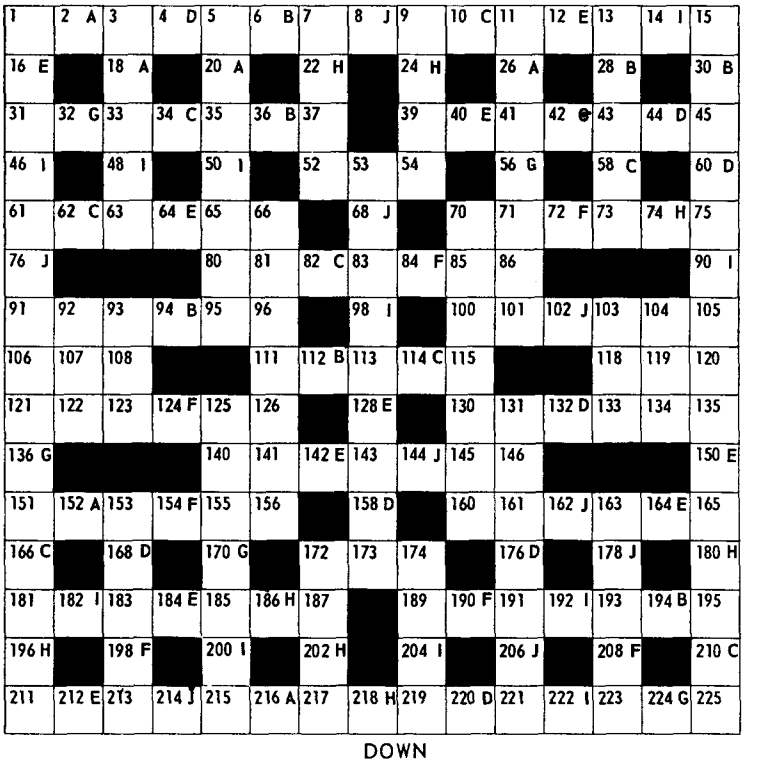
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 152 2 20 216 18 26 "And take the present _____ from the time." Shakespeare, "Macbeth."

B 6 94 194 30 28 36 112 "Is to run on little _____ for the Ministers of State." Gilbert, "The Gondoliers."

C 58 82 34 10 62 114 210 166 Renaissance artist, some of whose notebooks were recently discovered.

D 44 132 4 220 176 60 158 168 Intercalation of time.

E 184 16 128 150 64 12 164 142 40 212 A restricted inlet (6,4).

F 198 208 154 190 72 124 84 A vehicle for the Acrostician.

G 170 42 32 56 224 136 In any case.

H 24 202 180 196 74 22 218 186 Resident of a country in southwest Arabia.

I 48 14 200 90 222 182 50 192 204 46 98 Pertaining to a spiritualistic emanation.

J 8 178 76 206 68 214 162 144 102 Looking strabismically.

ACROSS

1. Businessman's lunch may be a bond with chefs (3,4,8).
31. Sayings may be objects of scorn or reproach.
39. The revivalist uses any of the Gospels.
52. Possesses an auxiliary.
61. Claws the cards left over after the deal.
70. The dependent may also be a customer.
80. The Acrostician's milieu (alt. sp.).
91. Opposed to a line of poetry, apparently.
100. Parts of the body which make music.
106. A gem of a girl any way you view her.
111. The stars or a star.
118. Remove us, sir, from Missouri, but I remain in France!
121. The one most in need of crutches puts me in last.
130. Entices the House of Commons man in a new test.
140. The 80 across identified with the Acrostician in Arizona.
151. Portions traded on the Stock Exchange.
160. Apparently a portion goes to each.
172. Beast of burden in the pampas scrub areas.
181. A banker about fifty grows emptier.
189. Rubbing out? Use rear, then.
211. The type of vehicle in which the Acrostician has appeared is required to ration players (11,4).

DOWN

1. His belly or a tuba describes the teetotaler (10,5).
3. Drying apparatus lot we use.
5. Wanderers by days and knights.
7. Seafood is his strong point.
9. Affirmative votes or a yes answer.
11. Not necessarily a Southerner but the doctor who upset the law with some hesitation.
13. Get your leg in a corner by the fire.
15. Mouthwash, for example, but I do rely on its shame (9,6).
53. Describes the Acrostician professionally (2,7).
66. She overlooked hats for scabbards.
70. Part of Yugoslavia or a riot in Central America.
92. By way of a four in reverse.
93. Lament no worker that gets the wood.
103. The unit that's found on the map.
104. The reverse unit that's affirmative in reverse.
125. Ask poet to address anyone (5,2).
131. Explicate formerly flat land.
153. Nurses for the Sahib's kids or those Ma has.
163. No more or less it would appear this is a peer too!
172. Space in the polar earth regions.
174. Miserable but not abler is only about half.

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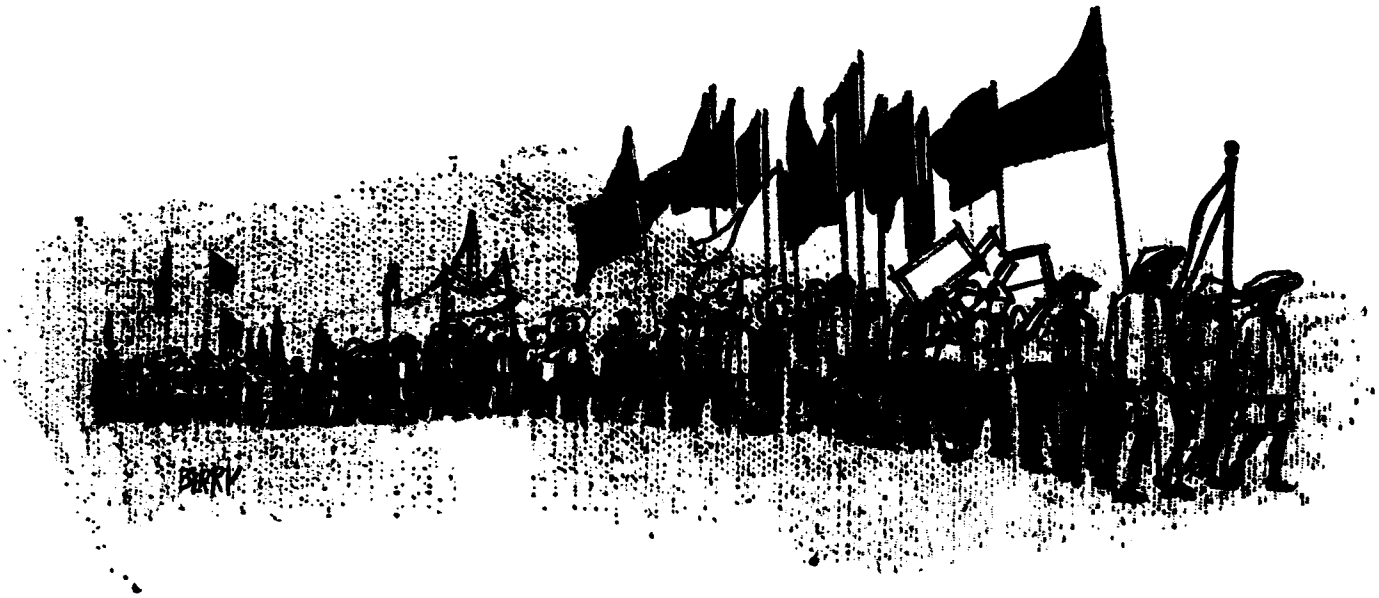

The Maoists Make a Tactical Retreat

ROBERT S. ELEGANT

HONG KONG

OVERWHELMING compulsions lie behind the progressive degradation of the People's Republic of China. Foremost among the Communists' objectives before the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution began last June was to make China respected—and feared—by foreigners. Besides its orderly if intrusive government, the régime's chief asset among the people of China themselves was the respect the country had won abroad. The Cultural Revolution has swept all this away.

For the past six months, men and women grown old in service to the Communist Party of China and the People's Liberation Army have been paraded through the streets in dunce caps, with accounts of their alleged crimes scrawled on placards around their necks or on their faces. Rambunctious adolescents in the paramilitary Red Guards have been hailed as the only true revolutionaries in the vast country, and they have set out to "destroy the old civilization" by humiliating, injuring, and even killing their elders, as well as looting or destroying their property. The economy has been cast into chaos and the state of politics and culture is even worse. Still the Red Guard propagandists proclaim that their mentor, Mao Tse-tung, represents the apogee of human wisdom: "We can do without eating and we can go without sleep! But we cannot exist without studying the works of Chairman Mao!"

The reaction of the Chinese outside China has ranged from embarrassed laughter to utter humiliation. "I am ashamed to be a Chinese," confessed a young novelist living in Hong Kong. "The whole world must think we are barbarians, fools, uncivilized imbeciles." The reaction within China has been massive resistance, accompanied by who knows what inner shame. The Communist Party has destroyed whatever respect it once enjoyed. Fear still lingers, but it is fear of erratic rather than coherent power. The small credit balance that remained to the party and Mao after the disastrous Great Leap Forward of 1958-1960 has been overdrawn.

Great Leap to Anarchy

It is difficult to comprehend the forces that have impelled the Communists to destroy so much that they had built. It is not merely that Chairman Mao, caught at seventy-three between his awareness of mortality and his idealistic ambitions, has once again decided that his unique inspiration can triumph over objective economic, military, and political circumstances. Mao's megalomaniacal alienation from reality undoubtedly precipitated the convulsion and it was exploited by his designated heir, First Vice-Premier Lin Piao. But the orchestrated atrocities committed by the Red Guards during the first months of the great campaign meant also the concerted use of terror for specific political purposes. The "small handful" of stubborn pragmatists, Mao's enemies within the linked machinery of the party and the government, were to be terrorized into submission, and the true Maoists were to move into their positions.

Until last December, the Maoists held the initiative; by the end of 1966, they saw that even more forceful measures were needed to assure undisputed victory. They then abandoned all restraints and declared war not only on the party and the government but also on the basic structure of Chinese agriculture and industry. Shortly thereafter, they were forced to call upon the reluctant People's Liberation Army to support them. The battle was then

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total, and China slid into anarchy that was almost total. In their attempt to restore their own power, the Maoist extremists have released a force that they cannot control—the elemental force of the Chinese people. China today presents a spectacle so confused that it is almost impossible to distinguish reality from appearance.

The Miscalculation of Lin Piao

The façades of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and the Government of the People's Republic of China still stand in Peking. The Maoists—or their creatures—still speak in the name of those institutions. But the political reality is more accurately conveyed by the chief slogan of the "rebel revolutionary faction," the Maoists' new name for themselves. "Seize power!" they exhort each other. "Take back state, party, and economic power!" That slogan, at least, is no pretense, for the Maoist faction does not hold power in China today; it merely claims the right to exercise power.

Neither do Mao's opponents exercise coherent or extensive power, although they retain the allegiance of large segments of the conventional apparatus of the party and the government. Accustomed to centralized direction, they are now in opposition to the center. Accustomed to being the source of power and to commanding the people of China, they are now seeking power and are trying through a variety of inducements to win popular support. Although in general the people back the anti-Maoist faction, their support is negative. The urban and rural masses are moving against Mao and his fanatics, but they are not rallying to the party apparatus that has for so long been the chief agency of their repression. The anti-Mao faction is further handicapped because its most prominent leaders remain in Peking, the stronghold of the Maoists. Nonetheless, while Chairman of the People's Republic Liu Shao-chi and Secretary-General of the Communist Party Teng Hsiao-ping have been humiliated and denounced, they apparently have not been arrested. Although they are unable to command their own followers systematically, the mere fact that they remain free demonstrates the vacuum of power.

The present impasse has been long in the making. Lin Piao, fifty-nine, honored and trusted by Mao for his "remolding" of the Liberation Army, stood forth in mid-August as the heir apparent of the failing chieftain. His ascendancy had just been confirmed by a meeting of the Central Committee that was packed by the Maoists. It was signaled by a massive purge not only of the Central Committee and the all-powerful Political Bureau but likewise of the provincial apparatus of the party and the state. That purge struck at the propaganda,

literary, and educational "cadres"—i.e., officials and managers. They were accused of "seeking to alter the entire climate of public opinion in order to prepare China for a peaceful return to capitalism—like the Petöfi Club in Hungary."

After mass rallies of millions in Peking attended by a silent Mao Tse-tung and dominated by the words of Lin Piao, the Red Guards swarmed across China, paralyzing normal governmental and party activity with attacks against "bourgeois manifestations"—such varied "crimes" as publicly questioning *The Thought of Mao Tse-tung*, advocating greater material incentives to stimulate industrial and agricultural production, wearing clothing and hair styles deemed extravagant, and calling shops by "imperialist, bourgeois names." Lin Piao had calculated the total effect: beaten, reviled, ridiculed, and terrorized, the anti-Maoists within the official structure would seek to save themselves by abandoning all resistance to the doctrines of Mao Tse-tung and the hegemony of Lin Piao.

It did not quite work out as Lin had planned. Instead of terrorizing the opposition, he inspired it to the first collective resistance ever mounted in the People's Republic. Instead of intimidating the people into sullen obedience or evoking spontaneous support, he aroused deep anger. A coherent if poorly organized opposition force began to take form. The people rallied to the local authorities they knew rather than to the distant fanatics of Peking.

A degree of restraint marked the actions of both sides until mid-December, 1966. Above all, the People's Liberation Army, 2.7 million strong, remained aloof from the quarrel. The area of battle was also limited. The Red Guards, Lin's political shock troops, were primarily deployed in urban areas, and they were ordered not to harass industrial workers and farmers. The economy and the overwhelming mass of China's population were carefully placed outside the struggle over power and policy. The Maoists' attack was centered on the party itself. Although China was close to chaos administratively and institutionally, the daily life of large areas of the country was virtually untouched.

THIS SITUATION was radically altered just after Christmas as the dwindling Maoist clique saw that it was in danger of losing. Sweeping leadership changes presaged a change in tactics. Tao Chu, who in August had been abruptly promoted from the satrapy of southern China to the fourth position in the national hierarchy and the direction of all propaganda agencies, was deprived of those posts in January. His character and politics were attacked in the wall posters of Peking, those sometimes erratic weathervanes of changing political winds. At the same time Chiang Ching, who is Madame Mao Tse-tung, rose ever higher, finally becoming adviser to the new committee set up to purge the Liberation Army and, shortly thereafter, chairman of a new purge committee with Premier Chou En-lai as her adviser. The

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Cultural Revolution, the Maoists now decreed, must purify both industry and agriculture, and the purged army was ordered to intervene in support of the Maoists. The struggle, it appeared, was heading toward civil war.

An incident in Shanghai reflected the new aspect of the struggle. In the courtyard of their school, closed for the Cultural Revolution, a dozen teen-aged boys and girls surrounded a middle-aged teacher. While the man tried to protect his head from their blows, other teachers stood by, afraid to intervene. The attack might have gone on until the teacher fell, as had happened in many similar incidents. But a half dozen workmen from a neighboring factory burst into the courtyard and dispersed the "young rebels."

By extending the Cultural Revolution to industry and agriculture, the Maoists finally aroused the people. With few exceptions, the working and farming masses rose behind their local leaders against the Maoists. They were inspired not only by fear of the new fanaticism but also by the practical benefits offered by the anti-Maoist cadres. In factories, workers were granted shorter working hours, higher wages, longer vacations, and a number of fringe benefits. On rural People's Communes, the "year-end sharing out" of profits was remarkably more generous than it had ever been—at the expense of the state. Farmers were promised that they could keep and even enlarge the prized private plots they farm for their own profit. After first having disregarded the economic effects of the Cultural Revolution, the Maoists had proclaimed their determination to "increase production," and the people had realized that they would work much harder for much less if the Maoists triumphed. They remembered the rigors of Maoist economics during the Great Leap Forward.

A Revolt of the Masses

Thus the Maoists were in an extremely weak tactical position. They railed against the opposition's tactics as "economism," angrily predicting that the prodigality would ruin the Chinese economy. But they had nothing with which to counter the opposition's moves except an appeal to patriotic and doctrinaire dedication—and the masses weren't listening.

Woes worse than "economism" befell the Maoists. General strikes paralyzed rail transport, the seaports, and many factories. Peasants formed their own armed units and defied the Maoists. In Kiangsi Province, the cradle of the Liberation Army, more than twenty thousand veterans formed the Army of Righteous Uprising. In many cities, angry workers broke into banks to take back the wealth they felt had been stolen from them over the years. Anti-Maoist Scarlet Guards, formed months earlier, fought hand to hand with Red Guards.

Although they were not in full control, local Communist Party secretaries and their adherents administered their own districts—and even entire provinces—as independent entities. The first secretaries of the party's regional bureaus in the northwest and the southwest—each ruling an area of five provinces with a population of hundreds of millions—were denounced for their lack of fealty to the Maoists. But pockets of Maoist influence remained and the opposition could enforce no orderly rule—if indeed it wanted to. Final control of the fate of China passed into the hands of the aroused masses. It was wildly ironic that Mao, who had placed all his confidence in the "wisdom of the masses," should be directly contending with them for power.

Irony even more grotesque soon surrounded Mao's position. He had originally won control of China by mobilizing the oppressed peasants against the bourgeois cities and their regular troops—a strategy that Lin Piao later had proclaimed as the pattern for the Communist world struggle. Yet in February Mao was reduced to attempting to "seize power" in those cities with the might of his own regular army. And he hoped that his control of those urban centers would in time enable him to regain control of the countryside.

The Maoist response moved slowly and badly. Two months after the campaign to "retake power" began, the Maoists claimed only six provinces and a handful of major cities. Their power was by no means firmly established even in those scattered areas. When the Maoist "revolutionary rebels" succeeded in taking over factories or government and party offices, they could not manage them with even minimal efficiency. Bedeviled by the crippling lack of trained administrators and technicians, who had gone over to the opposition, the "revolutionary rebels" themselves began to split. Maoist organs of publicity frantically inveighed against "extreme democracy . . . individualism . . . anarchism" within their own ranks. Peking appealed for "revolutionary discipline," but anarchy grew.

An even greater disappointment awaited the Maoists. The essential support of the Liberation Army was given sparingly and grudgingly. The military, it appeared, was willing to help preserve a pro-Maoist status quo or to put down civil disorder in some cities. But it would not throw itself into the battle to "seize power" even in the cities. The position was worse in the countryside. Commanders of a peasant army would not hazard their control by ordering their men to attack angry peasants. Besides, the army itself was badly split. Having been subjected to a major purge, it was simply not prepared to risk all in support of the Maoists against its own hierarchy. The loyalty given to Lin Piao and his adherents weighed less than the traditional loyalty to the aged Generalissimo Chu Teh and his marshals. Besides, intelligent commanders knew that keeping their forces intact and uncommitted was the best hope of avoiding full-scale civil war and perhaps the only hope of perpetuating Communist rule in China. Some commanders, particularly in outlying and border areas, made common cause with the anti-Maoist cadres.

Haunted by the specter of defeat, the Maoists again modified their strategy. The new tactics resembled the devious intriguing of Mao himself more than the frontal attacks of Lin, who was now rarely seen or heard. In mid-February, a "threefold alliance" of the young mobs with "loyal revolutionary cadres" of the Communist Party and "responsible commanders" of the army was advanced. The "revolutionary rebels" were seeking

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to win new allies from among the undecided and the opposed, and the Maoists promised rewards for defectors and leniency for all but the most stubborn and persistent of their enemies. Most erring cadres would not only be forgiven but would be permitted to retain their positions if they repented. Such promises had also been made in late fall; now their substance had not altered substantially but their tone became ever more conciliatory as the Maoists grew more vividly aware of their own weakness.

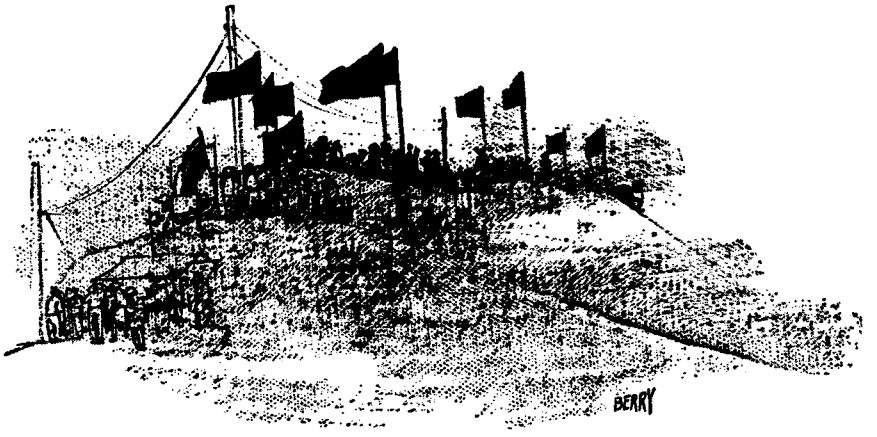
The Shifting Voices

The new approach, epitomized by the "threefold alliance," was a tactical but not a strategic change of direction. Realizing that their frontal assault was creating new enemies, the Maoists shifted to flank attacks. The approach certainly displayed an enhanced recognition of political realities, but it did not represent a withdrawal from the Maoist objectives: total defeat of all Mao's enemies and the creation of a new social and political structure.

While the Maoists experimented with these new tactics, the centrist group under Premier Chou En-lai was striving, as it had done on several earlier occasions, to moderate the conflict. Speaking as the "representative of Chairman Mao, Vice-Chairman Lin Piao, the party center, the State Council, and the party's Military Affairs Commission," Chou implicitly counseled moderation. The Red Guard movement, he said, had been a great success: the Cultural Revolution had already won great victories. (He had spoken in almost the same terms in November.) The center group may still bring an uneasy truce to the Chinese political battlefield. But this is not likely. Chou has failed before in that effort and he has forfeited the trust of the anti-Maoists by earlier verbal attacks on their position.

Still, some defections to the Maoist camp will probably follow the promises of amnesty for defectors, since the complex factors in play in different areas of China will sometimes make that course attractive. But the recent savage repression of tens of thousands of hard-working officials was hardly calculated to entice other officials into the Maoist ranks. Besides, bureaucrats and generals have a penchant for order, and the Maoists offered the prospect of increasing disorder.

Unable to retake control of the conventional machinery of either the state or the party, the Maoists were attempting to create an entirely new framework, beginning with "provisional power structures" formed of the threefold alliance. But the inherent liabilities of those provisional governments made it a certainty that if they ever succeeded in establishing themselves, they would only lead the country closer to anarchy.



One Big Commune

Those provisional structures were to be merely the foundation of a new structure of such sweepingly utopian impracticability that its realization, unlikely as it was, could well prolong the chaos of the Cultural Revolution for "five years, ten years, fifty or a hundred years," as Maoist hyperbole had declared in the beginning.

Mao's purpose was nothing less than to create the first perfect government among men. His model was the Paris Commune of 1871, in which the radical-led working class took arms against the bourgeois National Assembly and sought to decentralize the government. Karl Marx called it "history's first true proletarian government." The monument of Mao Tse-tung was not to be merely a revitalized China. It was to be a new era in the annals of mankind, characterized by perfect equality, perfect democracy, and the total absence of exploitation.

Although the ideal of the Paris Commune (which in fact collapsed after two months) was already being modified by Maoist theoreticians, the organizational and doctrinal principles of that experiment were to guide the creation of the new government. China would not, strictly speaking, be a national state at all but a popular confederation with all authority coming directly from the people. Provinces, cities, and rural counties were to be governed by groups of officials selected from among the proletariat through direct universal elections and combining in themselves the legislative, judicial, and administrative functions. Factories, universities, hospitals, and newspapers—indeed, every purposeful grouping of human beings—were to be similarly administered by officials serving brief terms under the constant threat of referendum and recall and not enjoying any privileges, monetary or ceremonial, that would set them off from the commonalty. All China was to become a Great Commune.

Mao Tse-tung was committed to the pursuit of that ideal, although he was in control of only a small fraction of China. Workers' refusals to serve on the Communal Councils of factories did not discourage him, nor did the immense difficulties of running a government and an economy stripped of managers and technicians. He was confident that the reality he discerned would finally prevail over the erroneous view of reality held by the majority of his countrymen.

For the People's Republic of China, it was the grand climacteric. Mao Tse-tung would either impose his vision upon the nation, sealing its shape to survive his death, or a new breed of pragmatic Communists would come to power. The latter was the more likely alternative.

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George Romney's Road-Show Hamlet

JULES WITCOVER

BACK IN EARLY JANUARY, when Governor George Romney of Michigan began planning his recent Western speaking tour, he apparently expected to be able to slip away for a modest dry run of his Presidential prospects. The objectives were to test his own out-of-state drawing power, to endear himself to fellow Republicans by fund raising, to measure the mettle of his youthful staff, and to acquaint the public and select members of the skeptical national press corps with his broad philosophy.

Generally friendly territory was chosen: Alaska and New Mexico, where progressive young governors were in his corner; Utah, center of his Mormon faith; Idaho, where he spent his boyhood; Arizona, where his Mormon forebears settled. Word of the trip was passed at first to a few prominent columnists and political analysts, but when others found out, an open invitation to the press was issued. The response was unprecedented for a non-candidacy so far in advance of a Presidential election; nearly forty members of the press signed on.

The governor's men, who were criticized for at first not chartering a press plane, denied that they had wanted to discourage the presence of a large press contingent; it simply was a case of having been caught short by the response. Later, however, one of them conceded that the expanded entourage would force adjustments. "We wanted this to be off-Broadway," he said. "You take your soundings and if your staff makes some mistakes you correct them. Well, it's off-Broadway, but they've flown the critics in to us."

That Tiresome Topic

Most of the reporters went along, of course, to find out what makes Romney tick and particularly to learn what he intends to do about Vietnam, the single issue most likely to affect the 1968 Presidential election. Shortly after his re-election last November Governor Romney had proclaimed a moratorium on the subject —that is, he was not going to enunciate his own position or offer alternative solutions until he was able to take a thorough "fresh look" at the situation, including a personal inspection tour of Vietnam. Of more than a dozen speeches and talks during the tour, Vietnam was the major topic in none. There were, however, the press conferences. Romney held five, and in the first three Vietnam dominated the questioning. Local reporters, for whom the press conferences were also—if not primarily—intended, did not press the Vietnam issue at all, but they were swamped by the insistence of Romney's traveling press corps to draw him out on the war. Romney's supporters at the state and local levels were also chagrined by the lack of attention paid to the domestic issues raised in his speeches. Just as some staff members had feared, they had signed on an itinerant inquisition, and from Romney's point of view it was threatening to distort the whole purpose and impact of the Western swing.

Asked about Vietnam almost immediately at his first press conference in Anchorage, Romney said what he had said before: "While I think it was a mistake to get involved in a ground war in Southeast Asia, we're there and we have to see it through with honor." He credited President Johnson with making "a sincere attempt" to end the war, but he then characterized United States policy as "clumsy, ill-timed and poorly coordinated." The administration, he said, was "locked in" on the war, with many of its options used, whereas he and the Republican Party had an opportunity to take a fresh look. "I don't intend to fritter away that opportunity with half-cocked answers."

Had the governor let it go at that, it is possible that Vietnam would not have so emphatically dominated the reports emerging from his trip. But while adhering to his self-imposed moratorium on solutions, he allowed himself to go on the attack. At Anchorage, he decried "the excessive injection of politics" into the conduct of foreign policy, and when asked for illustrations he sidestepped, promising to elaborate later.

At Salt Lake City, when Romney charged that Johnson was ambivalent about the war, talking peace one day and escalating the fighting the next, a reporter professed to be confused. He recalled that in Anchorage Romney had said Johnson was "locked in" on the war. Romney's answer was vague, but he later issued a clarifying statement saying that the President "is locked into his own mistakes and a rigid defense of his position," but that "the Republican Party is not locked in; it has not exhausted its options. It is free to take a fresh approach."

AT POCATELLO, IDAHO, the traveling reporters zeroed in on Vietnam again, trying to establish what options Romney thought he had that the President didn't.

For nearly forty minutes, Romney deftly parried the questions, and as long as he stuck to a defense of his moratorium, he came off reasonably well. But again he chose to charge the administration with "political expedience . . . getting this country in trouble at home and abroad, including Vietnam."

And again the questions started popping. Would he provide an example? "No, I will not." "Why not?" "Well, because I choose not to." "You're just going to make a charge like that and not substantiate it?" "At this point," he replied.

Finally, in Albuquerque, he was asked to give specific examples of his Pocatello charges and he came down hard: "I don't know how many miles we've traveled. In each press conference we've discussed Vietnam and I see no purpose in discussing it here." That ended the inquisition, but by then the trip had only one more day

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to go, and the record was clear: Romney wanted it both ways on Vietnam—on one hand, to be allowed a moratorium on defining his own positions; on the other to be free to make partisan charges without documenting them.

In an interview the next day aboard the plane, I asked him why he was unwilling to offer substantiation, and he answered straightforwardly: "At the right time I'll discuss it in specifics. I think this whole war is shot through with politics. . . . Look at the way the bombing [of North Vietnam] was handled—the timing, holding off until after the 1964 election. If you proceed on the assumption of the administration that it was the thing to do, then it was the thing to do before the election."

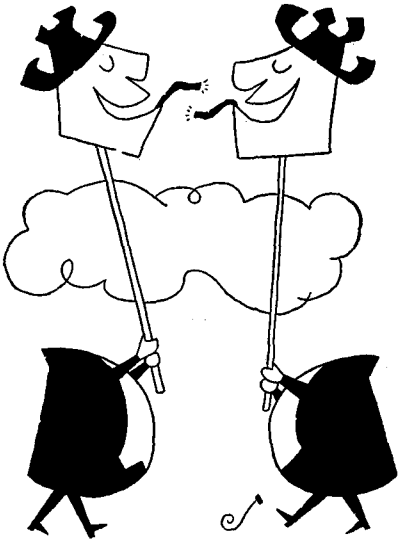
Political expediency, Romney said, dictated two attempts in 1965 and 1966 to have the nation's governors sign what he called "blank check" resolutions supporting Johnson on the war, and also an effort to block a Federal-state tax-sharing plan at the December Governors Conference at White Sulphur Springs because of the cost of the war. None of these latter incidents can be said to have had an earth-shaking impact on the conduct of the war. And it is certainly debatable whether a President is being politically expedient, or merely politically prudent, in seeking the governors' backing in wartime.

Taking the Chill Off

Considering the governor's performance throughout the Western trip, it was unfortunate for him that his dilemma over the war dominated the reporting. By nearly every other yardstick, his tour was a success. Covering 6,600 miles and talking to sixteen thousand persons at formal gatherings and thousands more at airports, Romney favorably impressed local and state Republican leaders with his charm, his physical stamina, his speaking ability, and above all, his talents as a fund raiser. More than $200,000 was collected for G.O.P. treasuries along the way, with record turnouts in Alaska, Utah, and New Mexico. The legislature in Barry Goldwater's Arizona whooped when he dished out an undiluted harangue against excessive big government, the decline of family life, and the loss of individual initiative.

On a trip in which the accompanying reporters caused Romney his most trying moments, he nevertheless also made headway in his relations with them. One of the compensations for having to test the Romney team under a spotlight was an opportunity to dispel the prevalent view within the national press corps that there is less to Romney than meets the eye. (The current gag was, "Deep down, he's shallow.") While few of the touring newsmen were singing his praises by the time the group reached Phoenix, most were willing to concede that he is a man of considerable personal appeal with a range of knowledge not all of them had expected to find.

To the sophisticates, Romney's Boy Scout style is hard to take, but



they did learn that he unbends. When he visited his boyhood home town of Rexburg, Idaho, he acted as the press bus guide, describing himself as a "stupid kid" who drove a neighbor's farm equipment into a fence and pointing out a corner candy store where he and his buddies used to buy ice cream and swipe candy. He exchanged ribbing with reporters and was generally more accessible than in the past.

ROMNEY has a long way to go before 1968, and it is no small feat that he was able to improve personal relations with a press corps which has the means to nip a budding candidacy and which seldom has warmed up to any G.O.P. hopeful.

The two main problems Romney had before he went West, however, remain with him—clarifying his Vietnam position and speaking out in specific terms about domestic and other foreign-policy issues. Concerning Vietnam and foreign policy generally, he has hired a Rockefeller-oriented Easterner, Jonathan Moore, to start picking brains and lining up advisers who can help formulate hard position papers to campaign on. The governor is looking for another speech writer to put more zip and substance in his remarks, which continue to suffer from an excess of righteous generalities and appeals to higher morality. He also wants a man with experience in national press affairs to handle the out-of-Michigan newsmen who will be hounding his every out-of-state step from now on.

Asked at the close of the Western swing whether the experience was favorable enough for him to formally declare his candidacy, Romney replied that it was "favorable enough to continue the hot courtship" of his Presidential prospects. There is little doubt that the governor, having had his first major taste of national politicking, will take another big bite. Trips overseas will come after the Michigan legislature adjourns in May or June, climaxed by the Vietnam tour in the fall, presumably with the American public still uncertain about his position on the war. By that time, his staff will have been augmented, the appropriate brains will have been picked and papers written.

Romney now knows, as a result of his Western trip, that a potential Presidential candidate can't indefinitely search his political soul in isolation, much as he might like to. Whether he puts his show on or off Broadway, the critics will be there recording every nuance of his public agonizing. Indecisiveness, or the appearance of it, can be a serious political liability, as Adlai Stevenson found out. For Romney, it can be particularly so, because on most matters other than Vietnam he usually has been ready with a quick answer rooted in the pioneer virtues—faith, hard work, brotherhood—that form the core of his philosophy. As a true believer in the power of positive thinking, he does not make a very convincing Hamlet on Vietnam.

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Winning Back The Montagnards

KARSTEN PRAGER

SAIGON

FOR A LAND with so little cause to celebrate, it was a most festive occasion. Outside II Corps headquarters in Pleiku on South Vietnam's gently rolling High Plateau, yellow-and-red national flags fluttered in a cool breeze beside troops and tanks drawn up in parade formation. Major General Vinh Loc, the corps commander, had spared no effort, and with good reason. After years of sometimes bloody troubles with the Montagnards, the tribal people of the highlands who are the country's largest minority group, the Saigon government was celebrating an at least partial reconciliation and the introduction of a policy that was to be less discriminatory and more enlightened.

While drums and brass gongs rolled a slow, haunting rhythm across the parade ground last fall, Chief of State Nguyen Van Thieu and Premier Nguyen Cao Ky watched tribesmen in loincloths kill a buffalo in a sacrificial plea for a better future, then sat impassively as Kpie Ceh, the bubbling fermented rice wine of the highlands, was poured over their boots—a traditional Montagnard gesture of respect and loyalty.

Thieu and Ky were in Pleiku for the ceremonial return to the government of some 250 Montagnard soldiers who had roamed with armed units of FULRO (United Front for the Struggle of the Oppressed Races). FULRO has been pushing—and occasionally fighting—Saigon governments to gain for the Montagnards equal standing with the Vietnamese.

Aside from an occasional lapse into paternalism (one big English-language sign near the parade ground proclaimed: "Big Brother Vinh Loc Is Most Eager About the Future of the Highland Peoples"), the festivities in Pleiku were a mark of progress in the U.S.-encouraged evolution of a workable policy toward the Montagnards. They followed a series of broken promises that had turned the lowlander-highlander relationship into one of South Vietnam's most complex internal problems.

A Variety of Formulas

Only ten months before, in December, 1965, in the same city of Pleiku, a Vietnamese firing squad had executed two Montagnard army sergeants for leading a bloody but abortive uprising. Since then wiser counsel has prevailed on both sides. The Vietnamese, on the one hand, are well aware that close to a million Montagnards are spread over two-thirds of South Vietnam and that most of them live in the strategic Central Highlands. They also realize that the Vietcong have been attempting to exploit racial antagonisms between lowlanders and highlanders. The Montagnards, on the other hand, are forced to accept the fact that they are indeed a minority and that they must somehow reach an accommodation with the government.

The lowland Vietnamese consider the Montagnards primitive and backward. They are people of the forest and the mountain, generally dressed in loincloth, adept with the crossbow, believers in spirits and ghosts. In their *buons* (villages) the women often go bare-breasted. In some tribes, families live in communal longhouses; in one, the Rhadé, a matrilineal social system is the rule. The tribes have no written history and little identification with a past that is passed down only through oral tradition. Their bloody sacrificial ceremonies repel the Vietnamese.

Historically, there has thus been little contact between this minority and the majority. The French were content to keep it that way. Their doctrine of outright separation of highland and lowland people avoided clashes but also accentuated differences. Tribal law was codified by the French, and tribal courts were permitted to judge, as they had for generations, cases involving morals and property disputes. Tribal languages were taught in the schools. Montagnard troops fought under French officers who spoke tribal languages and understood the customs. French residents administered the highlands through Montagnard officials who spoke better French than Vietnamese.

AFTER the French left in 1954, President Ngo Dinh Diem pressed for assimilation—on Vietnamese terms, of course—to such a degree that his program was later cynically described as cultural annihilation. By 1956-1957, under Diem's Land Development Scheme, some two hundred thousand Vietnamese—both refugees from the North and displaced persons from the Central Lowlands—were being resettled in the highlands. Without regard for well-defined tribal land-tenure systems, the newcomers took land from the Montagnards without compensation.

While Vietnamese settlers pushed into the plateau, the Diem government moved a number of Montagnard officials into the lowlands. Tribal languages were no longer allowed to be taught in the schools. Tribal courts faded away; Vietnamese justice took over. Local regulations also pushed the drive for assimilation. In Darlac, for instance, a province chief decreed that Montagnards would have to wear shirts and slacks; in Pleiku, a Vietnamese official ordered Montagnards to stop building their houses on stilts.

The decree that prepared the ground for the revolt was Diem's

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1958 proclamation that while Montagnards were entitled to the produce of the land on which they lived and farmed, they no longer held title to it. That September, representatives of the four chief tribes protested to Diem, demanding that discriminatory practices be brought to a halt. Two of the better-known leaders were Y B'ham Enoul, an influential Rhadé who had been a rural agent in French days, and Paul Nur, a Bahnar schoolteacher. Saigon's reaction was swift: the Montagnard representatives, among them Y B'ham and Nur, were jailed without trial. They were not released until after the overthrow of Diem five years later. Once freed, both were named deputy province chiefs, Y B'ham in Darlac, Nur in Kontum.

Meanwhile, dissidence in the highlands mounted. FULRO apparently was born at this time, and soon made inroads in the more accessible *buons* and among Civilian Irregular Defense Group (CIDG) troops, the Montagnards paid by the government to fight the Vietcong under the command of American and Vietnamese Special Forces teams. About twenty thousand of these tribal troops held some fifty heavily defended jungle forts, particularly along the long border with Cambodia and Laos, to detect Communist infiltration and interdict it wherever possible in hit-and-run clashes. The "Strikers," as the CIDG troops were commonly called, were ideally suited to the job. They knew the forest trails and streams. They were small even by Vietnamese standards, but tougher than the lowlanders when it came to operating in the jungled mountains. Perhaps most importantly, they got along well with the U.S. Special Forces advisers who trained them to fight with modern weapons.

MORE OFTEN than not, the Vietcong avoided the Special Forces camps ringed with claymore mines, trip wires, and dug-in gun positions. They attacked only those camps which became real thorns in their side. In late 1965, for instance, they threw more than two regiments of regulars at the camp at Pleime in II Corps and were beaten off with bloody losses after Vietnamese and U.S. reinforcements were shuttled in. During the last two years, some of the camps have been relocated, but they still number about fifty. The CIDG troops now total more than thirty thousand.

Dissatisfaction with the government reached its first flash point in September, 1964, when FULRO-dominated Montagnard troops took over five Special Forces camps in the highlands, killed or captured a number of Vietnamese soldiers in the camps, and seized the Ban Me Thuot radio station. The rebellion failed because of pressure exerted by Premier Khanh and the lack of a widespread response from the tribes. Khanh realized that more than mutiny was behind the take-over of the camps. A few days after the rebellion, he arranged a conference in Pleiku between the government and Montagnard representatives not associated with FULRO. The meeting, he declared, would give the Montagnards their first opportunity to pre-

sent Saigon with their demands. It did just that, and it immediately was apparent that the aspirations of FULRO and non-FULRO overlapped. The highlanders' demands included a bigger Montagnard role in highland administration, representation at the higher governmental and military levels, more local representatives, the teaching of their own languages in the schools, the re-establishment of tribal courts, more officers in the armed forces, a solution to the issue of landownership—in short, a complete repudiation of Diem's one-sided policy of assimilation.

Khanh's reply was as progressive as it could have been under the circumstances—so farsighted, in fact, that it still forms the basis for Montagnard policy. It stressed equality for the tribal people, support for Montagnards in their effort to catch up with the Vietnamese, respect for tribal customs and traditions, eligibility for national and local office, a bigger role in the armed forces, more and better education, including the teaching of tribal languages, and a modification of Diem's land policy.

Unkept Promises

But political stability in Saigon was still sadly lacking, and nothing much came of this fine set of promises. "Nobody had time to look toward the highlands," a Vietnamese official recalls. Perhaps no one in Saigon, anyway. But the Communists had time. Y B'ham and a core of armed supporters were in hiding in the Vietnamese-Cambodian border area. In the spring of 1965, FULRO was invited to the Conference of Indo-Chinese Peoples in Phnompenh, Cambodia, where Y B'ham was approached by the Vietcong. Y B'ham, however, was apparently still hopeful that Saigon would act on Khanh's promises. FULRO's leaders returned to their hideouts in the border area, and some FULRO units actually conducted small operations against the Vietcong in answer to allegations from Saigon that the organization was pro-Communist.

Ky came to power a few months later and was greeted by a second Montagnard rebellion, this one in an outpost on the Cambodian border. There, half of the four-hundred-man garrison declared loyalty to FULRO and marched off into the bush, carrying their weapons and ammunition. The revolt was accomplished without loss of life to Vietnamese troops, and this fact tempered the initially angry reaction in Saigon. Ky even reaffirmed his intention to "implement the clauses of the program which were agreed on at Pleiku in October of 1964" and guaranteed safe-conduct for FULRO delegates to negotiations with the government. Within a few weeks, talks got under way in Ban Me Thuot and again non-FULRO people were in agreement with FULRO—a reflection of the wide support that the dissidents had managed to build up among the tribes.

For still unexplained reasons, the negotiations broke off in late 1965, and that December Montagnard troops in a small outpost in Phu Bon Province killed thirty-two Vietnamese and wounded twenty-four after being told, apparently by extremists, that Ban Me Thuot had been taken by Montagnard forces. There was no truth to that, as it

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turned out, and the mutineers eventually surrendered after the Vietnamese threatened to bomb them. Four of the revolt's leaders—including the two sergeants at Pleiku—were executed, and there was a wave of arrests of Montagnard civilians. Later investigation showed that there had been no plot, but that FULRO sympathizers in areas under government control had planned to demonstrate peacefully against the government's inability or unwillingness to institute reforms.

Negotiations started again in the spring of 1966, bolstered by Premier Ky's decision to create a Special Commission for Highland Affairs and his appointment of Paul Nur as commissioner. Both sides felt that they could trust the forty-one-year-old schoolteacher; even General Vinh Loc, whose stock among the Montagnards had never been very high, trusted him. Nur's opposite number in the talks was Y Dhe Adrong, special emissary for Y B'ham and FULRO.

After the Premier agreed in principle to the Montagnards' demand for a minority bill of rights and a special Montagnard pennant, FULRO accepted a proposal that its armed units return to the government under's Ky's amnesty. No reliable figures exist on how many of these dissident troops there were; estimates put their number at between two and three thousand. The government claims that by the time of the Pleiku celebration last October some 1,500 FULRO troops had returned to government-held areas, bringing with them more than eight hundred weapons. Y B'ham is reported still on the heavily jungled Cambodian border. Optimists in Saigon predict that eventually, perhaps after proclamation of the Montagnard bill of rights, the FULRO leader and his top lieutenants will return.

Making Headway

Indicative of the government's intent to give the Montagnards an appropriate voice in national affairs is the nine-man representation they have in the Constitutent Assembly in Saigon; two of the deputies ran as FULRO candidates in Darlac and Phu Bon. Close to a hundred Montagnards are to be appointed to senior posts in the government, the majority probably within Nur's commission. Small-scale economic development, including such projects as agricultural and animal-husbandry training, is inching ahead with U.S. support. FULRO's demand for a military force composed of Montagnards under Montagnard officers has not been met, but the Truong Son cadres—the Montagnard version of the armed Revolutionary Development teams—have been increased from four thousand to more than five thousand. They are being used in limited pacification efforts in the highlands.

A land-tenure law is being written, and a work team is studying technical aspects in a pilot project in Kontum. Tribal courts have reopened in four provinces and will reopen in three others soon. The first Montagnard province chief, Lieutenant Colonel Nay Lo, was installed in Pleiku on February 1. Montagnard students have been granted more than five hundred scholarships, and two teachers have been sent off for studies in the United States. A workshop in Kontum is preparing textbooks to be used in teaching tribal languages beginning the next school year. The government is even publishing a small magazine designed to acquaint the Vietnamese with the culture and customs of the highlanders.

The major issue, of course, remains the bill of rights, which is still under discussion in Nur's office. Article 23 of the national draft constitution makes provision for such a bill, but the Montagnards would like to get a guarantee from the Ky régime. FULRO admits that the government has "begun to show justice little by little." But it would be somewhat foolish to assume that Saigon officials have become egalitarian. "I find it very difficult to believe," an American expert on the subject said not long ago, "that they have changed their feelings overnight. They are simply being pragmatic about the issue. It's one thing to pass a law and quite another to see that it gets implemented. But if they see this thing through, they can make a hell of a lot of headway in the highlands. If they don't, they'll have a hell of a lot of trouble."

UNDOUBTEDLY, the considerable support that FULRO is said to have among the Montagnards has helped convince Saigon of the need for a settlement. FULRO's leadership seems articulate enough, and there are, after all, more than thirty thousand well-armed CIDG troops spread over South Vietnam—not enough to trigger a major uprising but enough to make trouble. There is also the knowledge in Saigon that the Vietcong have access to and even control of many Montagnard areas, perhaps embracing as many as two hundred thousand tribesmen. It is thus strategically important to be friendly with as many Montagnards as possible. Not that the Montagnards have any particular liking for the Vietcong. Montagnard spokesman have said repeatedly that they do not intend to reach an accommodation of their own with the Vietcong, that they consider the fight against the Communists one for all the people of Vietnam. "In this war," one spokesman said last fall, "we remain at your side and we think at this time we are worthy to receive the price of our blood."

The Montagnards also seem willing to put up with inevitable paternalism from the Vietnamese if their demands are implemented. For that, much of the hope rests on Commissioner Nur. "Each of the past régimes," Nur says, "worked out a policy that was good in theory but bad in practice. We, the Montagnards, have been Vietnamese for centuries. We, the Montagnards and the Vietnamese, have to rid ourselves of a painful past, pardon the errors committed in the past, and strengthen our ranks to build a strong nation and develop the highlands."

To which a Vietnamese Army officer adds: "It may be a political problem, but it really is a human problem. I hope the Vietnamese will someday learn to understand their highland brothers. It will take a few years."

The way the Montagnards feel about promises, the fewer years the better.

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The Terrazzo

MILLA Z. LOGAN

THE SIGNORA opened one of the heavy double doors of the apartment and motioned the American couple in with a wave of her hand. For a moment they were too struck with her odd appearance to move. She was girlishly old and plump. Her long pageboy bob was dyed in bold streaks of red and orange like the feathers of a Rhode Island hen. She had masked her broad face with rouge and powder and had painted uneven lines on her lips. When she turned to show them the way into the apartment she moved gracefully, her large hips billowing out from her body. Her legs were young under her short jersey skirt, which hiked up behind to show her slip.

Eva and David stood in the square entrance hall, each one waiting for the other to take the lead.

"We're the Americans who phoned about the apartment," Eva said. "I mean we're Mr. and Mrs. Martin." She wished she hadn't made the unnecessary reference to their nationality, like those hitchhikers who wave American flags.

"I am happy that you are Americans," the Signora said, laying a slender hand on her large, soft bosom. Her jersey blouse strained across it and made gaps in several places between buttons.

David nudged Eva to follow her. The Signora, bobbing along on high-heeled gold sandals, led the way down a long, wide hall. It opened out on one side to the rooms of the apartment and on the other, through a series of shuttered French doors and windows, to the terrazzo. It ended up at the kitchen.

The Signora took them to the terrazzo first, and the minute Eva stood on its spacious, flowery heights she knew that if she couldn't have this apartment she would have to leave Rome. It was noon and the chimes in all the neighboring church rotundas were ringing out as if they were bursting with happiness. The sights around her—the towered villa in the Pincio gardens, the obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo, the arch to the Via Flaminia, the red-tiled roofs, the bougainvillaea-covered pergolas—all seemed to be swinging with the bells in the blue sky.

Eva and David looked at each other, too full to speak.

"PLEASE to sit down," the Signora said.

"If I do I'll never be able to leave," Eva replied.

David walked over to the wall of the building and tried to flick off some of the aged orange plaster. Eva felt sad for him, knowing that neither he nor any artist could reproduce its rusty, vinegary tints. It was the color of Rome, it and the grizzled green of the weathered shutters.

"Your husband is an artist?" the Signora said. She had a way of ending her sentences on a rising coy note. "He can make a ztudio here. I will lend him, how do you say, *cavalletto*." She described an easel with her hands.

David stretched himself out in a desk chair and closed his eyes to the bright sunlight. He was also, Eva knew, closing his eyes to ward off the Signora's coquettish attentions, although she no longer practiced them for conquest but as a show of correct social behavior toward a male of any age. Eva was afraid he would show his annoyance and moved quickly to divert the Signora's attention.

"Would you be willing to rent for a two-month period?"

"Yes, of course." Eagerly.

"And the rent?" The ad in the Rome *American* had said 45,000 lire a month, less than seventy-five dollars, but Eva expected an increase for a short period.

"The rent? The same." The Signora dropped her eyes at the indelicate mention of figures.

"And where will you go?"

"I go for the summer to visit my daughter in Milano," the Signora said with injured dignity.

Eva wondered if the question had been improper.

"When can we move in?"

"I must see. First we must clean the apartment. I have not before wrented. It is not my style." She

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raised her shoulders in a squeamish gesture.

"We'll clean it ourselves. We'd like to move in right now."

"That is impossible."

"It's just what we want. Without even seeing the inside."

The Signora didn't seem to be startled by this caprice.

"May we look?"

"Certainly." She bowed them into the apartment.

THEY STEPPED through French doors and across the hall to a large L-shaped room with high shuttered windows and tiled floors.

"This is the living-bedroom," the Signora said, bowing.

Eva couldn't imagine how such a bare room could look so disorderly. The few furnishings—a double web-springed couch, a lumpy mattress, two antique cross-legged chairs, a refectory table, and an armoire, looked as if they had been left behind by the previous tenants as not worth moving. Eva touched the arm of one of the chairs and it fell off. "Is there another room?"

"This way, please." The Signora took them to the end of the hall into the kitchen. "It's off the kitchen. A small room for a child."

It was shaped like a piece of pie, with one half of a shuttered window at the pointed end. There was a single bed, a limp mattress heaped with a pile of bedclothes—raggedy blankets and a mangy velvet bedspread.

When they went back into the kitchen Eva tried to see through the derangement of dirty dishes, grimy floor mops, and cluttered shelves to the essentials. A sink, a small rusty black stove with an oven. The sunlight coming through the French doors that led to the terrazzo made small halos on the dishes drying on the tiled sink.

"How long will it take to get the place cleaned?" Eva asked.

"Ten days, I hope. I have a young man who cleans. He is an artist too, a zion painter. He needs the money. I give him a few lire. He also likes to learn English."

"We can't wait that long. My husband has a heart condition. He isn't supposed to have salt in his food. We must eat at home."

The Signora made cooing sounds of sympathy. "Has he tried herbs? There is in Via della Croce a shop where they have herbs for all conditions. I give you the address."

"Do you think we could have the apartment in two days?"

"Just a minute, I will give you the address of the herb shop."

"Are you sure you want to get into this?" David said, watching the Signora bounce down the hall. He looked up at the peeling walls of the kitchen.

"Don't you?"

He nodded. "I was thinking of you."

"Just think of the terrazzo."

"Will you have some tea?" the Signora said, coming back with the address.

"Oh, no!" Eva eyed the cold, slimy leaves in the pot.

"Please to sit down." The Signora tried to clear the dishes off the shaky kitchen table.

"We must go," Eva said. "If we sign the lease now, can we move in two days?"

"I will ask the zion painter."

"Can you get a professional cleaner?" David asked. "We'll pay for it."

The Signora simpered at him again. "You must come back this evening when the moon is on the terrazzo and we will discuss it."

The terrazzo in the moonlight! Eva felt weak with longing. "Shall we?" she asked David.

"Sure. Ask her if we can see my studio."

"The ztudio! Come, I will show you."

THEY FOLLOWED the Signora through the hall to the foyer.

They passed their living-bedroom and then two doors that were closed.

"What's in there?" Eva asked.

"That is my ztudio which I will lock up when I go to Milano. I would show it to you but it is untidy with my packings."

David's studio was an alcove off the entrance hall. It was enclosed on all sides by tall windows overlooking a long, chaotic courtyard and facing the tenement rear of an old palazzo. The outlook was a collage of many-shaped windows, washings hung out to dry, balconies, garbage cans, and old Persian rugs hung out to be beaten. Several cats were dozing in the courtyard.

"I like this even better than the view from the terrazzo," David said.

"Oh!" The Signora made a fan of her hand and covered her face. "We try to conceal this side. It is not very elegante."

A girl in a quilted robe and nightgown stepped out on one of the balconies. Through the door she had left open behind her they could see a bathroom.

"We haven't seen our bathroom," David said.

Eva was ashamed at being caught in such an oversight. It would never have happened if she hadn't been dazzled by the terrazzo. She resolved to go out and give it another inspection to make sure that it warranted the sacrifice of so many comforts.

The bathroom was off the kitchen but it also opened out on the terrazzo. There were a pull-chain toilet, a deeply cracked basin, and a bidet. Black spots like dental cavities showed in the bathtub where the enamel had worn off.

"Hot water, I see," David said, looking up at a small tank hanging over the washbasin.

Eva took another look at the terrazzo through the bathroom window. "What time shall we come back?" she asked the Signora.

"Any time you wish. I do not have a clock."

"Eight o'clock?"

"If you wish."

"You won't rent to anyone else, will you? Can we give you a deposit?"

"As you like." The mention of money seemed to embarrass her.

David gave her fifteen thousand lire and got a receipt on pink notepaper. "I can let you have the rest tonight," he said.

She fanned herself with the notes. "There is one thing I must to tell you." She looked troubled.

Eva held her breath.

"I must ask you to pay two months in advance. And five thousand lire for the gas and light."

"Certainly," David and Eva said at once. They both wished they had volunteered the money to save her the distress of asking.

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"You are very kind," the Signora said with an embarrassed giggle.

She escorted them to the elevator and was upset to find that it was in the lobby, five floors below. "You can only get it from below," she explained. "I will run down and get it."

They wouldn't hear of it. She hung over the rail, waving and jangling her bracelets at them.

At a quarter of eight Eva called from their small hotel nearby to announce that they were on the way over.

"Oh?" the Signora sounded vague. "Tonight? You must excuse me. There is a *conferenza*—a lecture—on Indo-Chinese modern art. Very interesting. Would you and Mr. Martin like to go with me?"

"We're so tired."

"Yes, of course."

"When can we see you?"

"I will meet you tomorrow evening in the Babbington."

"The Babbington?"

"You do not know the Babbington? The English tearoom on the Piazza di Spagna. It is very nice."

"Couldn't we see you tomorrow morning?"

"Tomorrow the zion painter is coming."

"I'd like to meet him."

"It is never certain. I will see you tomorrow evening."

"Did you ask her when she was leaving for Milan?" David said when Eva told him the conversation.

"I did, and she said, 'Such a disgusting place.' "

"You know what I think?" David said. "She is going to put off going to Milan, 'tomorrow, tomorrow,' and we'll wind up going shares with her on the kitchen, bath, and terrazzo."

"We'll settle that this minute," Eva said, picking up the phone.

"Signora Boldoni," she spoke fiercely into the mouthpiece, "my husband wants to know if we will have sole occupancy of the apartment."

"Sole. . . . I do not understand."

"We will not be sharing it with anyone?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Martin. I go to Milano."

"And we cannot go to the Babbington tomorrow evening. We must see you in the apartment to sign the lease in the morning."

"As you like, Mrs. Martin."

"There," Eva said when she hung up. "Don't you feel like a heel making me browbeat her?"

The Signora called to them to come in, the doors were open. They found her wandering among the flower pots, picking herbs and stopping to croon over a small geranium plant. "I am saying good-by to my pets," she said, cupping a rose in her hand. "Please to sit down."

"We don't have much time," Eva said.

The Signora sighed. "You are young. You have much time."

"But only two months in Rome."

"I envy you." She sighed again as she picked up her large, battered purse. "Here is the lease." She handed David two pink notepaper envelopes. "I have shed a few tears on it." She traced a line along the side of her nose with her forefinger.

The lease was informally worded in the Signora's spindly handwriting and ended "Very sincerely yours."

"This is very satisfactory," David said, taking out his wallet and pen.

"It is very difficult to renounce my home." The Signora folded the lire and crushed them against her heart.

"We will take good care of it," Eva said.

The Signora crammed the money into her purse. "I must now go to pay my bills."

"Just a minute," Eva said, reading the lease. "Could we move the starting time up a few days?"

The Signora obediently scratched out the date. "In three days?" she asked, holding her pen poised.

"Perfect."

The day before they were to move, Eva went to the apartment for final instructions. It was her first full inspection. The elevator was out of order and she walked up five flights, noticing as she got to the top that the landing was shabby compared to the ones below. In the entrance hall she felt the stone tiles shifting beneath her feet. Most of them were loose and some were cracked. The loose ones clinked melodiously like a xylophone when she walked on them. The grimy white curtains on the terrazzo windows were all mismatched; some were lace paired with dotted swiss. In the bedroom she discovered a breakfront she hadn't noticed before. When she investigated its drawer space some of the knobs fell off. The tiles in the bedroom, looser than those in the hall, gave off a deep alto tone.

"Is there a closet?" Eva asked.

"In the hall." The Signora pried open a door that had no knob. A pent-up accumulation of baskets, broken lampshades, and bottles tumbled out. The worst blow fell in the kitchen when Eva drew aside a curtain that hung over the oven door. The door had rusted off its hinges and the oven was now only a dummy. It was crammed with Italian paperback whodunits.

"How do you roast?"

"On top of the stove. It is more healthy." The Signora brandished a small food-pocked saucepan over the gas burners. There was a smell of escaping gas. The Signora said no one had ever noticed it before. She promised to call the man from the gas. Eva looked at the cracked dirty dishes in the sink and asked if the sign painter had been around.

"All day. He washed the windows." The Signora pointed to gray smears.

Eva walked out on the terrazzo and sank into a deck chair. The canvas ripped under her and she noticed for the first time how rickety the outdoor furniture was. She raised her eyes and followed a flight of

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swallows to the eaves of the opposite palazzo.

"It is the hour of the zwallows," the Signora said. "I will miss my zwallows."

Eva felt the warm breezes that were blowing from the Tiber. She crushed into her purse the long list of defective items she had noted in her tour of the apartment.

"You must go to the Flower Market in Santa Maria Maggiore every Tuesday morning," the Signora was saying. "And not to forget the little cave in Bocca di Leone for fish. And please not to make friends with the *portiera*. She is *intriganta*. If she asks you where I am, say, *'E andata via per qualche giorno.'* And do not have your mail sent here. She cannot read and will throw it in the Tiber."

"What time tomorrow will it be convenient for us to move in?" Eva asked.

"As you like."

"Twelve o'clock?"

The Signora promised with her hand on her chest that she would turn the keys over tomorrow at noon.

"You'd better call her," David said the next day while they were waiting in their hotel room for the *camerieri* to carry their bags.

"Nice to hear from you," the Signora said. "I hope you will go to the Planetarium today. It is very interesting."

"Some other day. We'll be too busy moving today." Eva spoke with more assurance than she felt.

"Today?" the Signora gasped. "Today it is impossible. The man from the gas is coming to fix the leak and the zion painter did not finish yesterday."

"You promised we could move in at noon today."

"Please, Mrs. Martin. How could I? There are many commissions I must to do here yet. You do not understand me my English."

"I understood perfectly. Yesterday on your terrazzo I said, 'Are you sure we can move in at noon tomorrow?' and you very distinctly repeated, 'Yes, tomorrow, at noon.' "

"That is right. Tomorrow."

Eva pressed the telephone to her chest and groaned. "We are coming over immediately to talk to you."

"No, please. I must go to the Planetarium this morning."

"Who will let the gas man in?"

"He comes this afternoon."

"O my God!" Eva handed the phone to David, and buried her head in the pillows of the bed so as not to hear the conversation.

"What did she say?" she asked when David hung up.

"She said 'tomorrow.' "

When David and Eva let themselves into the apartment at noon the next day, the Signora was still there, but she was wearing her beret and gloves and carrying a parasol and knitting bag. She backed out slowly to the double doors, which they had left wide open. Each time she was almost on the threshold she came forward as if she were taking a curtain call. Eva and David exchanged troubled glances over the knitting bag, which seemed to be her only luggage.

"We brought the elevator up for you," Eva said.

"You are very kind. I would be very happy if you would let me prepare lunch for you. I am a good cook."

"Oh, no, please."

"Excuse me. I only try to be hospitable."

"I know," Eva said wearily. "We just don't seem to be able to understand each other. And we are so tired."

"You must lie on the terrazzo and rest in the sun. You will enjoy my beautiful terrazzo."

Eva thought she sounded reproachful. "Thank you, you are very kind."

"It is you who are kind."

"Thank you. Good-by." Eva fled to the terrazzo.

When the Signora was finally gone, they bolted the doors and hugged each other. "Alone at last," David said as they eased themselves warily into the unsteady deck chairs. They looked up at the sky and felt as if there could be nothing else beneath it but their terrazzo.

They were awakened in the morning by church bells. One of the bells, outlasting the other, dribbled off at the end like water dripping from a faucet. Life in the apartments across the courtyard was raucous with Italian rock 'n' roll, rug beating, and arguments.

Eva and David spent the morning on the terrazzo, repairing steamer chairs and watering and pruning the plants. Dave sketched a wrought-iron stairway leading to the roof. Eva covered a table with a bright oilcloth and laid it with cracked bowls of cherries and strawberries. Her icebox, a small new garbage can that she had bought at Upim, the Italian Woolworth's, was filled with boiled chicken, tender green peas, tomatoes, zucchini, baby lettuce, beer, and a jar of martinis. She felt comfortably holed in for the day in this high fortress behind its double doors.

Every now and then she would go to the balustrade, look down on the life in the street below, and sniff the odors it gave off. In mid-morning a holocaust of roasting coffee beans made the air acrid; toward noon it turned sweet with the simmer of herbs, garlic, and tomatoes in olive oil. Eva began to see why the Signora didn't have a clock.

They had a long siesta and were watching the swallows when the the telephone rang. They looked at each other in surprise. They had forgotten there was a phone. The Signora said she would leave it connected in case they needed to call a doctor.

"Don't answer it," David said. It kept right on ringing as if it didn't intend to stop until it got satisfaction.

"It's probably someone calling for the Signora," Eva said. "I'd better get rid of it."

It was the Signora. "I thought

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that you were in Milan," Eva said.

"Not yet. It was necessary for me to go to a concert last night. I am just calling to pay my compliments. How do you enjoy my home?"

"Very much." Eva wondered where she had spent the night, but she was afraid to prolong the conversation by asking. "When are you going to Milan?"

"Tomorrow. I should like to invite you to the Planetarium now."

"Thank you, but we are still very tired. There was much cleaning to do."

"I am glad you enjoy my home. I just call to say my compliments."

"Thank you."

"How are my plants?"

"Fine. We watered and pruned them."

"Do you see the zwallows now?"

"Not right now. We're a little busy. And I'm afraid I left something on the stove."

"Excuse me. I am sorry to bothering you."

"Thank you for calling."

"*Arrivederla.*" The Signora hung up with an embarrassed giggle.

"What are we going to do now?" Eva asked David, who was scanning the sky with his binoculars.

"Just be firm with her."

"I am, but it's like trying to be firm with a ghost. I have the feeling that we've pushed her off the terrazzo and she's coming back to haunt us."

Although the Signora had warned Eva not to get friendly with the *portiera,* she couldn't resist getting into a conversation with her in the lobby the next morning. The *portiera,* a raucous-voiced lady with a tiger-toothed smile, asked where the Signora was.

"She has gone to visit her daughter in Milano," Eva said, disobeying her instructions.

The *portiera* flashed a smile that almost split her face.

The smile confused Eva. "Why, hasn't she got a daughter in Milano?"

"*Si. Si. That* she has." The *portiera* fled into her cubbyhole.

THAT AFTERNOON while David was out buying art supplies, the Signora called again.

"You're still in Rome." Eva forgot her intention to be more gracious.

"I have many commissions to do. I must go to the dentist and pay my bills."

Eva said nothing.

"I just called to ask how you enjoying my home."

"Very much."

"I am glad. I should like to come for a minute to bring you a wrose. A young wrose plant for the terrazzo."

"Where are you?"

"I am in the café across the street. You can see from there the terrazzo."

"Can you come right now? I must leave for an engagement in a half hour."

"You are very kind."

The Signora held back timidly when Eva asked her to come in. "I have just come to bring the wrose."

She held up a small gunny sack with a scrawny sprig sticking out of it.

"Come in and have a drink on the terrazzo."

"Excuse me bothering you."

When Eva came back to the terrazzo with a vermouth the Signora was standing at the balustrade, sniffing the air. "There is no air in the world like this. Did you meet my two white pigeons?" She pointed to a pair on the eaves of the palazzo across the street. "They always stay together apart from the others. You must go to the pet shop for bird food."

Eva offered her an American cigarette. She looked at it longingly, but refused.

"Please," Eva said.

"Just one. And then I will leave."

"You mustn't rush," Eva said feebly.

"She didn't mention Milan," Eva said, telling David of the visit.

"I'll bet her daughter doesn't want anything to do with her," David said.

"Aside from that, she just can't bear to leave. She must need the money badly."

"We'll give her a little bonus at the end of the month," David said, "if she'll leave us alone."

A few days later they received a postcard from Milan. "Hope you enjoying my home. How is the Rose. Vittoria Boldoni."

AFTER a week of peace they began to relax. They filled the apartment with roses, carnations, bachelor's buttons, and sweet peas from the flower stand in the Piazza di Spagna. They threw open all the French doors and windows and made a long airborne float of the apartment. The phone rang only once during the week and it was a wrong number. After Eva answered it she looked down at the dial and noticed that it was padlocked. She was quite sure there had been no lock on it when they moved in. She called David from his studio, and he too said he could have sworn it hadn't been there.

"Maybe she put it on when she was here that day."

"She couldn't have. She wasn't out of my sight one minute."

"Then it must have been on from the first and we didn't notice."

"Hmm." Eva sat at the phone, studying it for a long time.

That night Eva was awakened by the sound of the toilet flushing. She heard it again while they were getting dressed in the morning.

"I hear it all the time," David said. "It flushes itself periodically but never when you need it to."

Sure enough, later in the morning when Eva was in the bathroom washing out stockings, the toilet flushed itself with no one on it.

There was another postcard from Milan the following week. "How is the rose? Do you enjoying my home?"

"She keeps rubbing it in," Eva said.

"Have you heard from the Signora?" the Smiling Tiger, as they now called the *portiera,* asked whenever Eva passed through the lobby. Sometimes she sent her little granddaughters out to prance after Eva, chanting "Where is the Signora?"

The phone rang often now, many wrong numbers or a Count Pappi asking for the Signora. "Gone away for a few days," Eva told him. He

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called twice a day, in mid-morning and just after the siesta. He never showed any dissatisfaction with the monotony of Eva's reply.

At the end of the month David and Eva wished they had the Signora's address so they could send her the no-nuisance bonus.

"She'll be back before we leave," Eva said, "and we can give her two months then."

"I wish we owned this place," David said. He stretched out on his deck chair and looked up at the orange wall as if he were trying to absorb the color in his skin—like a suntan.

After their siesta, he went off sketching in the ruins. Sometimes Eva went with him, but she stayed on the terrazzo today to write letters. She sat in a secluded corner between the kitchen and the bathroom which at this hour was the only cool spot, although very soon the shade would move to one of the French doors where she could sit in a breeze. The phone rang but she ignored it. It was time for Count Pappi's call and she was tired of giving him the same answer. She considered whether his regular calls were worth mentioning in the letter she was writing. And then, as she heard the toilet flush itself, it occurred to her that this phenomenon would make better copy.

She moved outside the French doorway, which was halfway in the shade now. As she was settling herself she felt a shadow pass across the sunny end of her table. She looked up and saw a mothlike figure in a faded pink peignoir that had once been crisp and diaphanous, flitting toward her down the hall. Every other sensation she felt at the moment was capped by the embarrassment of seeing the Signora in such pitiful undress, defenseless without the armor of her stout brown jersey, her gloves and parasol.

THE SIGNORA clutched her bath towel to her breast and froze like a frightened deer. Then with a trancelike stupor she looked into space and moved on with the dignity of a sleepwalker, as if, unseeing, she was unseen.

Eva got up weak-kneed to follow her, but she had already disappeared into her studio. All Eva could see was the wet prints of her bare feet on the tiles.

Eva went back to her writing table and sat there overcome by the magnitude of the Signora's concealment, by the precariousness of her stowaway life. The traps she had had to avoid to keep from being discovered all these weeks! The loose tiles—she could see the Signora picking her way among the firm ones, like Eliza crossing the ice. The picture of the Signora's underground existence, as it unfolded, became unbearable. Eva thought of her long vigils in the café across the street, the bribes to the Smiling Tiger, the calls from Count Pappi to test if anyone was in the apartment, the arrangement to have someone mail postcards to Milan. Insignificant mysteries, brushed away at the time, were now solved—the rose plant that David said was mildewing despite the fact that they were watering it sparingly, the crumbs on the terrazzo that they had concluded were thrown from a neighboring roof.

There were conditions in the Signora's mouse-in-the-hole life that Eva couldn't even bear to think about.

She knew what the Signora would do now that her presence had been discovered. She would superbly do nothing. She would simply be more careful and venture more cautiously from her dark nest. She might even go to Milan for a few days. They would never be able to catch her to confront her with her encroachment. And why, Eva considered, should they want to? Why should two such sleek, fat cats want to torture a harmless mouse? She would tell David nothing. It would be bad enough to feel her own whiskers quivering every time she heard a noise or felt a shadow without knowing that his were quivering too.

The Invisible Made Visible

ALFRED WERNER

NOT EVEN Whistler's mother could repress a smile were she to stroll down the spiral ramp of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum to look at its curent show of works by the poet-painter-philosopher Paul Klee. Even the sour-faced rural couple of Grant Wood's "American Gothic" might concede that Klee's humor was overwhelming and that his pigments have a glowing beauty, though the meaning of his creations might often elude them despite, or perhaps because of, the witty and frequently long titles. Or is this an overassessment of Klee's appeal to the masses? Is his anti-rational, metaphysically oriented, and at times near-abstract "absolute" art accessible only to sophisticates ready to open themselves to his mysteries in the way one listens to music?

Undoubtedly, Klee has long replaced Van Gogh in the affections of young intellectuals who wish to be "modern" but are not capable of surrendering to other more baffling or more austere recent offerings. One large firm selling color reproductions informed me that Klee's "Fish Magic" (an exciting combination of gaily colored fish and subterranean flora on a darkish background, now in the show) is a best seller. Klee has almost become a household word. He is certainly more widely known here than other Central Europeans such as Beckmann, Kirchner, or Nolde. The only runner-up in popular demand

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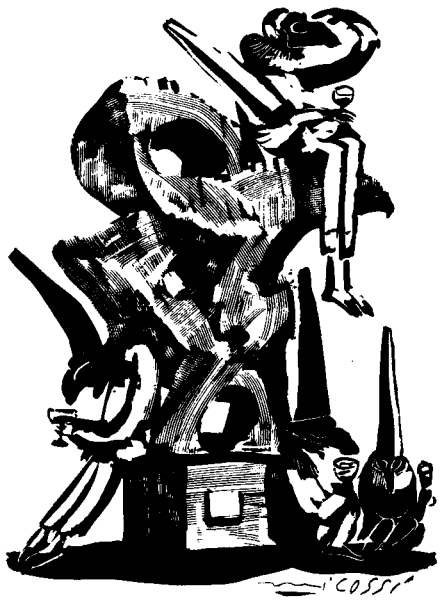
among his associates is Franz Marc, magician of the animal picture.

MANY of the nearly two hundred items in this show, comprising oils, watercolors, gouaches, paintings on glass, prints, and works in mixed media (the largest Klee show ever seen in the United States), come from the Klee Foundation in Berne and from the collection of the artist's son, Felix. Klee did more for his native Switzerland than it ever did for him. He found the atmosphere of Berne —he was born near there in 1879— so stifling that he left at nineteen and spent all but the last seven years of his career in Germany. Felix Klee now tells us that his father, though the son of a German teacher of music who settled in Berne and took a Swiss wife, had "little affinity to things German" and looked "far more like a native of southern France [from which, indeed, some of his maternal ancestors had come] than a German." Nevertheless, Klee was a German by birth and was not in a great hurry to obtain Swiss citizenship. He did not apply until 1940. The Swiss, who felt that some of his pictures were "unpatriotic" because they "distorted the true image of the country," delayed naturalizing their illustrious son, and he was still a German citizen when he died in a sanatorium near Locarno on June 29, 1940, aged sixty.

But Klee is the property not of one nation but of mankind. He has become a myth, an abstraction rather than a personality. This is true despite his outspoken *Diaries*, in which he mentions his "boundless sexual drive," devotes many pages to flirtations and affairs, and conceals neither his alcoholic excesses nor his prejudices. He was no recluse. He played the violin in orchestras and quartets. He belonged to an artists' group, the Blue Rider, and was on friendly terms with his fellow members, especially Lyonel Feininger and Franz Marc. He is remembered by many students as a conscientious teacher at the Bauhaus academy in Weimar and Dessau and at the Academy in Düsseldorf.

He was inclined to punning and joking. Yet one thinks of him as a solid, somewhat stodgy academic type. Indeed, he did become more and more reticent, holding the world at arm's length. Restrained in his relations to fellow humans, he was without Van Gogh's tenderness and fervor. In his *Diaries*, he even accused himself of this failing: "What my art probably lacks is a kind of passionate humanity. I don't love animals and every sort of creature with an earthy warmth. . . ."

PERHAPS he was unjust to himself. This remote dreamer's love of the world and its inhabitants was more generic than specific; for him Man was a "cosmic point." Klee himself became such a "cosmic point" after his youthful flings were over: a quiet, unobtrusive worker whose life was uneventful except for two journeys to North Africa. Had it not been for Hitlerism, there would be no story to tell. He would probably have rounded out his life in Düsseldorf, where he and his family settled in 1931. However, in the spring of 1933 the Nazis ousted him from his teaching job as a "Jew" and "foreigner." He remarked calmly: "Even if it were true that I was a Galician Jew,



this would not change a bit the value of my personality and my achievement." Observing some of the men around him in their efforts to curry favor with the new masters, he said: "I'd rather endure a lot of adversity than present the tragicomical figure of one trying to get himself into the good graces of the men in power."

He and his family were in Berne and he was already suffering from an incurable skin disease when he learned how the Nazis dealt with his works. More than a hundred were confiscated from public collections in Germany and seventeen were exposed to Hitler's jeers at the "Degenerate Art" exhibition in Munich in 1937. (Quite a few of the pictures in the Guggenheim show were among the condemned works.) In the very year of the Munich exhibition, he was honored by a visit from Picasso, who found Klee's studio tidy and meticulously arranged, unlike the cluttered Picasso studios. "He was magnificent, very dignified and worthy of respect for his attitude and work," Picasso told one of his biographers.

The 1937 show, in which Picasso also was represented, was Hitler's brainchild, and the Führer thundered at Munich that artists who painted skies green or trees purple were lunatics ready for eugenical treatment. But Klee was not merely a Post-Impressionist using colors arbitrarily as carriers of emotions or vehicles for symbols. As a Surrealist —that is to say, as a truly modern artist who did not aim to perpetuate retinal images on canvas or paper but delved deeply into the unconscious, bringing up from that abyss all of man's joys and anxieties— he was even less acceptable to the Philistine. Klee was concerned with the essence of things rather than with their surface appearance, with what his Blue Rider associate Kandinsky called "the spiritual." A Surrealist long before Surrealism came into being, he exerted an enormous influence on Joan Miró, Max Ernst, and Wols. Posthumously, he became an inspiring force again in 1945. I remember the excitement of young artists I met in defeated Germany when they saw their first Klees in an American catalogue I had brought with me. Klee had been taboo in the Reich for twelve years.

DURING the First World War, in which his friend Franz Marc was killed in action at Verdun, Klee served in the German Army (luckily behind the lines). Apart from his

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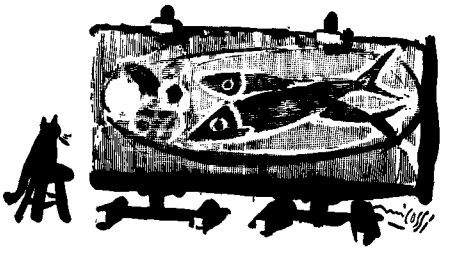
abhorrence of Nazism, he was the model of a nonpolitical artist. An entry dated November 12, 1918, in Private Klee's diary deals not with the fall of the Hohenzollerns but with the thing closest to him: "In art, vision is not so essential as making visible." This is a pivotal statement: Klee wanted to arrive at "an insight in visual terms."

As the Guggenheim exhibition reveals, he knew that it was not the intellect that directed him but "something different, something higher and more distant," and that his hand was "wholly the instrument of some remote power." He has been likened to a seismograph that translates the earth's tremors into a line drawn on paper, and it was indeed his life task to perfect the sensibility of this seismographic needle, to keep free the channel between experience and its visual realization. But even better is his own metaphor: "The artist is like a tree. He receives the sap that flows through him and through his eye. His work is like the crown of the tree, spreading in time and space for all to see. In his capacity as the trunk he only gathers and transmits what comes to him from below. He is neither a master nor a servant but a mediator."

The seeming contradiction between the "something higher" and the "from below" can be resolved by saying he drew his strength from the depths of the earth no less than from the celestial heights. He distilled what he extracted from the universe in drawings and paintings that for the most part are rather small, at times no larger than a man's palm—microcosms, epitomized representations of the world within. Klee himself once spoke of his art as *"Andacht zum Kleinen,"* devotion to small things.

After the enormous expansions of one, two, or at most three flat colors in rigid geometric shapes being offered by the museums and galleries in Manhattan as systemic, rejective, reductive, minimal, structural, or primary art (as if to cover emotional poverty with intellectual pretension), one is relieved to look at these nearly always complex little things that gathered and now transmit to others what the artist felt. Ignoring what he had learned from the professors at Munich, the pupil borrowed from the world of tangible objects only the ciphers with which to express the marvels of the inner world. Small wonder that after his first show, almost exactly six decades ago, he was contemptuously



panned by the critics in the Bavarian capital: "It is difficult to give any sort of clear picture of the crazy anatomy of these forms. Nothing like them appears even in one's wildest dreams, and they could only have been produced by someone who deliberately set out to make a meaningless medley of part-human, part-animal fragments."

MORE SERIOUS than the accusation of craziness, which has been leveled at one time or another at all artists who deviate from accepted standards, is the innuendo that Klee was faking. Actually, he was incapable of artistic insincerity. When in a moment of financial despair he sought assignments from *Simplicissimus* and his drawings turned out to be too highbrow for that satirical weekly, he refused to slant his work. For many years he earned so little through his art that Frau Klee had to support the family by giving piano lessons. Klee would not, could not compromise. His finances improved only after he began receiving a salary as a teacher.

His pedagogical duties did not curtail his creativity. "Wrapped up in a world of his own," the son writes, "Klee lived only for his art, serving it from the earliest hours in the morning till midnight." Thomas M. Messer, Director of the Guggenheim, calls him "one of the most prolific artists of the modern era." Nine thousand works survive—nine thousand new stars, the arbitrary images he brought forth from the world of exuberant fantasy, of myth, of memory residues, a world that was his alone. These glimpses into an unknown world would have perished with him had he not succeeded in freeing them for his own gratification and for the enrichment of his fellow men.

"There is no substitute for intuition," he once wrote. He is distinctive because he had open to him the avenues of imagination that are closed to the majority of us. Indeed, it is surprising that Klee is so popular in a society that encourages man to live by reason rather than intuition and insists that education is the acquisition of dry facts.

The Guggenheim show's wide acclaim is likely to prove how wrong the British writer James Bryce was when he asserted that Americans accept nothing that is not "plain, downright, apprehensible by an ordinary understanding." It is possible, though, that Klee's essence may escape some of the visitors to the temple of art that Frank Lloyd Wright built. They may think that Klee is just another satirist, like the inimitable Saul Steinberg. They also may chuckle at the Klees the way some people laugh at the wrong moments in the theatre, not because they misunderstand the lines but because they need to discharge tensions.

Their laughter will be as uneasy as Klee's. For he was bitter about the stuffy bourgeois world he encountered wherever he went. On careful analysis, the "humorist" and "jester" Klee was full of that *Angst* which afflicted so many men of his generation (one thinks of Kafka and Joyce). He was like a frightened child, and it is significant that he found much inspiration in the untrammeled art of kindergartens, in folk art, and in the art of the Orient. "I want to be as though newborn, knowing nothing about Europe, absolutely nothing," he once wrote, referring to the stimulation he sought in creativity untainted by civilization. "I will be unconscious of poets . . . almost aboriginal."

AND YET Klee was neither child nor savage. He had much in common (as an artist, not as a man) with Gauguin; and just as Gauguin found his paradise in the South Seas, Klee found his in Tunisia and Egypt, though he dutifully returned to his family in Germany. Like

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Ship's Mass

"Will be offered daily in the First-Class Cinema, for all passengers"

Short of shipwreck, nothing will bail me up less déclassé
Than this: amuleted with blue beads
In a pentangle of silver wires,
I pass through linear stratifications;
Carrying the cross like a sword,
Brave the bulkheads that part my station from their station—
The beautiful people's;
Traverse their grand staircase, their silver salons,
View their sea through their portholes:
Gray water held up to the walls in round salvers
Like rowed silver votary dishes;
Kneel myself in their theatre
At candles in front of their silver screen,
Small as a stretched shroud.
There are fourteen of us stationed to worship;
A ship's steward in breakfast white serves at the altar,
Their servant your servant;
But I rank with the beautiful people:
With the matriarch morninged in mink,
With the ascot in tweeds,
With her in Parisian embroideries, of the Fayum eyes
And the Byzantine look of a balk at a filioque.
Misereatur the celebrant murmurs us all,
Aureoled head in a shadow play;
He too one of the beautiful people,
A seagoing celebrity, a Vaticaneer, a theologian
Of elbows in taut triangular jousts at the tabernacle
Like miniature passes engaging a miniature bull.
He rolls with the ocean, the bull's punches.
Over the screws' ventricular throbbings
Twins our earthly mysteries with this Mystery,
Our trinity of berthings to this Trinity,
Till *Ecce!* he says, the eccelogian:
You prepare me a table,
You ferret me up from my steerage,
You merit me one of the beautiful;
Shall I in a scallop-shell torque unhouseled
Into this overhanging deep?
You stand me as for winching of davits;
At life station, unruddered, shall I die as beautiful?
Missa est, he says; it is all; dismisses us to our classes:
Disengages the bull
(Dies, will live, will die, still lives);
Against our eternal submergence, has offered
This ship, like a wafer, on this sea, like a paten.

—NANCY G. WESTERFIELD

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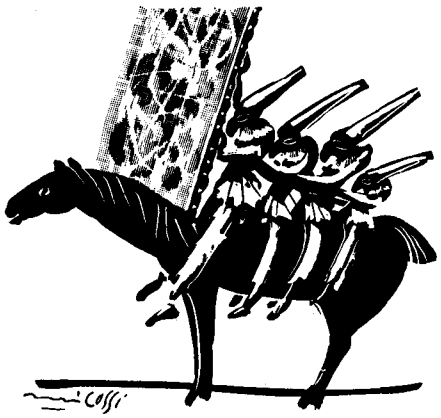
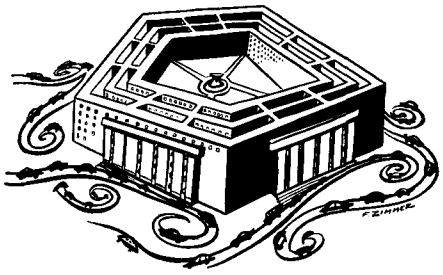
Gauguin, he knew and expressed the mystery behind the visible, and his goal was always to attain this super-reality, compounded of dream, hallucination, and even madness. "I am attempting to pin down every expression of my soul," he once wrote. He covered thousands of sheets of paper with curious scribbles that to the discerning viewer turn out to be flights into worlds unsuspected, comments on journeys into a twilight sphere undertaken with the intention of bridging the gap between the outside world and the world within.

Relatively late he discovered that he was not only a draftsman but also a color magician. It was in Tunisia in 1914 that he could finally write, "Color possesses me, I don't have to pursue it. . . . That is the meaning of this happy hour: Color and I are one. I am a painter." Klee's vibrant, luminous paintings —from No. 1 in the show, a realistic landscape painted by the student, to his last finished work, a mystery-fraught "Still Life" done four decades later—more than those of any man of his generation, penetrate external reality and lead us into the land that was his regular habitat, the land between the conscious and the unconscious, between the visible and the invisible, between waking and dreaming. His pigments often recall stained-glass windows or mosaics. Since there has been no major Klee exhibition here for eighteen years, a new generation is being introduced to the work of a man who refused to accept make-believe as reality, and who taught us to develop our inner resources, the only chambers that we may render bombproof.



BOOKS



McNamara's Innovations

WILLIAM BEECHER

THE PENTAGON, by Clark R. Mollenhoff. *Putnam's. $7.95.*

Historians will look back on the Defense Department during the era of Robert Strange McNamara and attempt to assess his imprint on at least three crucial areas of military activity: nuclear war planning and weaponry, counterinsurgency war such as the one now being fought in Vietnam, and Pentagon cost-effectiveness analysis in the budget-making process.

Whatever else is said about the much-admired and much-maligned Secretary of Defense, there is no doubt that during his six years as overlord of the mightiest military machine ever built, McNamara has imposed a number of changes on the Pentagon's traditional manner of thought and action.

When he ventured to the Department of Defense from the presidency of the Ford Motor Company in 1961, our strategic dogma was based in large part on the premise that the Soviet Union could be kept in check by threatening Hiroshima-writ-large all over Russia, if the Soviets should impinge on our basic interests anywhere in the world. The doctrine was known under the catch phrase "massive retaliation." The Korean War had raised strong doubts about the efficacy of this kind of deterrence, however, and a number of strategists, in and out of government, were suggesting the need for change. McNamara did effect sweeping changes. First he speeded advanced development and production of a large force of relatively small-warhead missiles and attempted a public dialogue with the Russians, urging that if the unthinkable happened and nuclear war erupted, both should attempt to limit strikes to one another's weapons systems rather than moving reflexively to the mutual annihilation inherent in targeting cities.

He also moved, under pressure from President Kennedy and General Maxwell D. Taylor, to strengthen U.S. non-nuclear forces and to urge the members of NATO to follow suit, so that the West would possess a credible deterrent to small aggressions, particularly in Europe, short of an unbelievable threat to respond to a minor incursion by nuclear holocaust.

MCNAMARA'S nuclear strategy is currently undergoing another shift. Unwilling to continue building the prodigious number of ICBMs necessary to ensure destruction of all of Russia's growing arsenal of offensive and defensive weapons, he is spurring a concerted attempt at a nuclear détente in which both sides might be satisfied with an ICBM force sufficiently large and secure to promise tens of millions of deaths to any attacker, but not so large as to encourage either nation to believe itself capable of getting away with an overwhelming first strike.

In the area of limited conven-

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tional warfare, McNamara has introduced during the Vietnam struggle an unprecedented degree of restraint and measured escalation—in the introduction of U.S. power into South Vietnam and the bombing of North Vietnam—whose effectiveness is still being hotly debated within the military community. Certainly the war has remained limited in the sense that neither China nor Russia has felt impelled to move in directly. But some critics suggest this piecemealing of power has unnecessarily prolonged the fight at great cost in lives and wealth.

Before McNamara came to the Pentagon, the Army, Navy, and Air Force each were given a slice of the total Defense-budget pie for each fiscal year and allowed to spend the money as they saw fit. McNamara eliminated this practice, insisting that Defense budgeting should measure the need for weapons in terms of the whole strategic picture. Thus, in the area of nuclear weapons, his analysts weighed the advantages and disadvantages of Air Force Minuteman missiles against Navy Polaris missiles and both these ICBM systems against land-based and carrier-based nuclear bombers, and decided on what "mix" of weapons they believed most effective. Only then was it decided how much the Air Force and Navy would be allowed to spend on such overlapping systems.

IT IS DIFFICULT to evaluate these historic revolutions in the Defense establishment during the period of transition. But it is amazing that a serious, voluminous study of the contemporary Defense Department, as is represented by Clark R. Mollenhoff's book, *The Pentagon*, should remain largely silent on each of these towering events.

For example, the administration is now agonizing over whether to deploy the Nike-X anti-missile system around the United States. A full-scale deployment might ultimately cost as much as $40 billion, could trigger another feverish, destabilizing round in the arms race, and could markedly affect the current strategic balance of power. Yet Mollenhoff chooses to devote only one and a half pages out of 450 to the substantive issues raised in the debate. True, he does devote the better part of a chapter to a discussion of predecessor anti-missile systems, but he concentrates not on the pros and cons of missile defense but on Congressional allegations of lax Pentagon management and "profit pyramiding" by defense contractors.

This is characteristic of the entire book. Rather than produce a comprehensive analysis of the Pentagon during a critical, explosive period of history, Mollenhoff has chosen in effect to focus on the concentration and abuse of power in the Pentagon as seen primarily through the eyes—and official reports—of Congressional investigating committees.

Though the reader might have hoped for a more objective, less polemical treatment, Mollenhoff has produced some very telling criticisms. Revealing and persuasive, for instance, are separate chapters questioning the wisdom of forcing the Navy and Air Force to design a single aircraft, the TFX, for diverse needs and of overriding the views of military men in choosing the producer for that aircraft; the "foot dragging" that has characterized McNamara's application of nuclear propulsion to aircraft carriers and other surface ships; and the lack of candor surrounding the stripping away of men and weapons from units here and abroad for use in Vietnam.

And yet, while the book offers some of the insights attendant to Congressional probes, it does not provide a truly inside view of the Pentagon. Were Mollenhoff armed with such inside information he would not have insisted, as he does repeatedly in the book, that "when he finally agreed to a follow-on plane to replace the B-52 bomber, McNamara rammed through a revamped TFX—the FB-111—as his candidate for the new bomber fleet." In fact, it was the Air Force that proposed the FB-111 as an "interim" bomber until a more advanced aircraft might be approved.

If he had had the information, Mollenhoff might also have questioned the manner in which the administration chose to build up its Vietnam force exclusively from within the standing army, backbenching the Reserve components that long were the cornerstone of plans for just such an emergency. He might have told how surprised many top military men were when, in late July, 1965, with detailed, freshly updated mobilization plans in hand involving approximately two hundred thousand members of the Reserve and National Guard, they suddenly became aware that the President had chosen otherwise.

ON THE opening page of his book, Mollenhoff comes on like a lion: "Viewed in its totality, the power centralized in the office of Defense Secretary could be used to impose a dictatorship on the nation.... We may have passed the critical point and have already lost the battle against authoritarian government." Some four hundred pages later, he offers more lamblike balance: "The power of the Pentagon is a useful power, an essential power, in the world in which we live. But it is a dangerous power.... It needs constant examination, constant investigation, constant criticism from within and from without the walls of the Pentagon."

If he is right in his last admonition, and most readers would agree that he is, then Mollenhoff's book serves a meaningful purpose.

Leonidas From Chicago

EDWARD LUEDERS

A DREAM OF KINGS, by Harry Mark Petrakis. *David McKay. $4.50.*

Many novelists today seem to delight in giving us straight grain alcohol. Others cater to the perennial taste for fictional Kool-Aid, plain or spiked. From the intellectual novelists we get a variety of wines—kosher, more often than not. From Harry Mark Petrakis we get Greek brandy—strong, smooth Greek brandy. There is no false warmth in his latest book, *A Dream of Kings;* the Aegean sun is in it.

Petrakis's skill as a writer has developed steadily through two earlier novels, *Lion At My Heart* and *The Odyssey of Kostas Volakis,* and the

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collection of his stories, *Pericles on 31st Street,* which was a final nominee for the 1965 National Book Award. In this last he proved his adeptness in the short forms, in stories that exploit the flavorful milieu that has become Petrakis's fictional home, the Greek community of Chicago. They move divertingly through a variety of moods and situations, offering a gallery of portraits, now arch, now sentimental, now broadly comic, now touching the quick surfaces of tragedy—as if *Winesburg, Ohio,* had learned to smile, had been recast and reset in Greek Chicago, and had thrown its shadow world of Freudian repression into easy relief by the simple ingredient of the author's open affection for the people in his pages. This same quality, however, prevented *Pericles on 31st Street* from cutting more deeply into the richer veins of its material. Its analogue on the stage would have to be the musical revue rather than the drama.

WHETHER or not their author was aware of the fact at the time of their composition, these earlier stories were a species of exercises in preparation for a more significant work. *A Dream of Kings* is that work, and it is a rewarding accomplishment—a book in which a high potential and promise are fully realized. In it, Petrakis becomes not only an assured and distinctive writer of fiction but also a novelist admirably in control of his material. He is capable of sustained narrative that moves as noiselessly as that of anyone writing today. When he reaches for special literary effects (as he does more frequently in this book than in previous work), his style is still apt to grow self-conscious. Even so, when he ventures to raise the pitch, the poetry, and the power of his language, he does so with a flourish.

There are epic echoes in *A Dream of Kings.* Like all of Petrakis's work thus far, it plays out the ironies of the diminished modern man seen against the backdrop of the heroes and heroism of ancient Greece. Not an entirely original idea, to be sure. The Greeks fed fiction and poetry in this fashion for centuries. In modern writing its seminal use by James Joyce in *Ulysses* and by Yeats, Eliot, and Pound in their poetry has reconstituted for our own age the validity and mystery of the pagan Greek myths and their epic representations of the human enterprise. Yet a vacuum has developed between those novels in which heroism disappears under the debris of modern futilities (making pagan noises all the while) and those in which the parallels and allusions to symbolic classic myths effectively bury the hero, along with any potential he may represent in the name of heroism, under the elaborate contrivances of the literary method. Cases in point can be taken from the work of one highly regarded current writer, John Updike—in the first instance, his frustrate novel about an athlete not dying young, *Rabbit, Run,* and in the second instance, his prodigious reworking of the legend of Chiron in *The Centaur.*

The entry of Harry Mark Petrakis into this fictional country, however, depends neither on naturalistic objectivity and the hero as slug, nor on elaborate symbolic cross-reference and total allusion as method. Petrakis characters do not merely parallel Greeks; they *are* Greeks. They are not, therefore, alien to the stature and dramatic imperative that characterize the ancient Greek heroes; it is rather the lack of such stature and dramatic imperative in the modern situation that is alien to *them.* In Petrakis, the line from the heroic figures of the ancients to their modern counterparts is direct. His use of them, therefore, does not suggest the separation of analogy so much as the fusion of metaphor. His characters carry Achilles and Odysseus and Hercules not so much in the brain and nervous system as in the heart, bloodstream, and muscle.

THE USE of classic myth and reference in Petrakis's fiction is not, therefore, a matter of applied intellect, but a matter of characterization. One happy result is that the ridiculous and the sublime converge without the loss of either human dignity or fictional verisimilitude. Another is that the characters in Petrakis, being bred in the frame of classical reference but otherwise all but unschooled, participate knowingly and naturally, but only to the degree that is native to them, in the relationship of their lives to the legendary figures from their ancient Greek past. Indeed, this heritage is likely to be the most articulate part of their makeup. In dialogue, for instance, the curious, humorous, impressive formality of their utterance—regardless of vocabulary—rings true at the same time that it registers a peculiarity of manner singularly out of tune with the times and circumstances of their contemporaneous situation. The whole matter of anachronism is neatly turned to present account by the simple fact that Petrakis's people are not merely comparable to the Greeks but are continuous with them. Although these characters live in our time, they escape fatal identification with it by virtue of their immanent heritage. Although their sons and daughters will have it different, they live out their lives largely oblivious to the cheap commercial noise and the expensive material show of the American city culture that surrounds their Greek community. The odes of mighty Pindar resound in their ears, and they are still able to strut and fret upon the same stage that once held Oedipus and Antigone.

Leonidas Matsoukas of *A Dream of Kings* is such a man. At once comic and heroic, he is the creation not so much of his author's imagination as of his own. We believe him chiefly because he believes so unfailingly in himself. This alone should make the novel unique in our time; it has as its protagonist a colorful, proud, self-reliant common man, quite uncommon in his inability to feel sorry for himself. How should he feel sorry for himself when he is Matsoukas? Witness the magnitude of his domain and the range of his accomplishment in the legend upon the door to his room over Akragas's grocery, the seat of his business operations:

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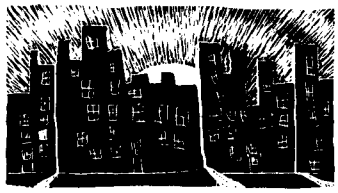
SOUND familiar? Something left over from James Purdy's *Malcolm* or perhaps an interlude from J. P. Donleavy? The Wizard of Oz? Early Saroyan? The river rogues in *Huckleberry Finn?* In isolation, there are plenty of analogies, but it is their humor and their wildness that link them. In his own setting Matsoukas is something again, for, outlandish as he may be, he is a man and not a manner. He is ready to play any confidence game, but his confidence is no hoax. He is a person and not a personification, a hero and not a zero. It is old-fashioned but nonetheless revealing to say that we can recognize in him what can best be called a soul. As a result we care a great deal about what happens to him.

In the course of the novel, a great deal does happen to him and to those who affect him most—his wife, Caliope, who has borne him two daughters and an invalid son and who for years has quietly done his suffering for him; the small son, Stavros, speechless and pitiably spastic, less a real child than a wraith whose "whole body bore an affinity to shadow"; Anthoula, the voluptuous young widow in the bakeshop across



from Matsoukas's office; and his friend Cicero, dealer at the gambling parlors where Matsoukas does most of his business. In a moment of candid affection, Cicero says to Matsoukas: "You are a man chosen by the gods for eternal disaster, endless catastrophe. But you take every act of theirs prepared for your punishment, the blows they select to wound you, and you turn them into a kind of triumph." In this same ex-

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change, the dealer also tells his friend: "You have never learned to accept boundaries, the boundaries in which human action and human judgment are enclosed. You give life the offering of an undivided heart."

Anyone familiar with the nature and course of hubris, the Greek sin of pride, will recognize the conflicting patterns in these observations. There are always limits—especially when one challenges the gods. It is Matsoukas's bewildered love for his helpless son that finally divides his heart and his life. He is consumed by the idea that he must, at all costs, fly his doomed son back to his native Crete, where the unfailing sun will cure the boy. "You have never seen a sun like that," he whispers in the opening chapter to the uncomprehending child in his cage-like bed. "It warms the flesh, toughens the heart, purifies the blood in its fire. It will make you well, will burn away your weakness with its flame, will heal you with its grace." And the shadow play with the legend of Daedalus and Icarus begins, never to be invoked, never intrusive, never palpable in the technique of the novel, never even *there* except as the shadow presence that the past of Man plays in all our lives.

THE BOOK is rich with themes, although Petrakis refrains from underlining them. The interplay of male and female, masculine and feminine, is constant and entertaining, and it eventually explodes in a searing revelation of man and woman, husband and wife, when Caliope challenges Matsoukas to face the shattering realities of his role in their marriage.

A Dream of Kings has neither the look nor what has come to masquerade as the sound of an important novel. Fortunately, it does not seem concerned with its own importance, nor the author with his. It is a particularly good novel largely because its concern and its art reside *in* its story, in its people, and in its telling, and not in any extraneous ideas or references. The complexity of its thematic texture and depth of awareness is carried by straightforward narrative and zest, as open-faced and yet as guileful as Matsoukas's own style.

Readers who suppose a family re-

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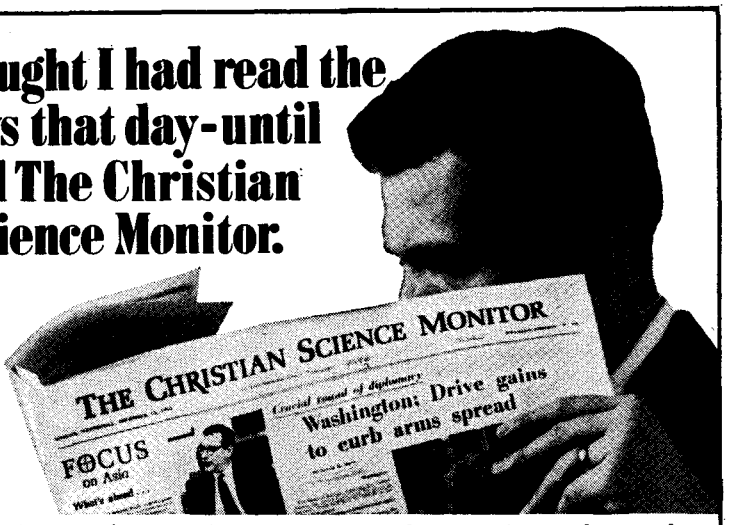

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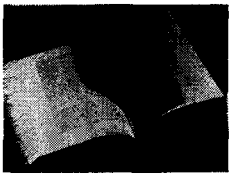

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MEGALOPOLIS UNBOUND: THE SUPERCITY AND THE TRANSPORTATION OF TOMORROW, by Claiborne Pell. *Praeger. $5.95.*

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If this description seems exaggerated, just ponder a few illustrative statistics:

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¶ In the decade 1962-1972, urban freeways will devour an estimated 205 square miles of *urban* land, more than the combined areas of

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Washington, Boston, San Francisco, and Buffalo, effectively removing $4 billion worth of property from our cities' tax rolls.

¶ Railroads pay some $200 million annually in property taxes, assessed at more than double normal rates on facilities whose counterparts for highways and airlines are generally provided at public expense.

¶ In 1963, as its share of the long-established local airlines' operating subsidies, Allegheny Airlines received $6 million in Federal aid, while the bankrupt New Haven Railroad struggled on with no comparable subsidy to serve twenty-three times as many passengers in the same area.

APPALLED at our virtually unique failure among the industrial nations to exploit the potential of modern rail-passenger service, Senator Claiborne Pell (D., Rhode Island) decided to do something about it. *Megalopolis Unbound* tells of his persistent and promising effort, motivated by the heretical notion that the public welfare should outweigh the self-interest of industry lobbyists, to supplement the Mass Transit Act of 1964 with another small dose of sanity administered to our transportation planning. His legislative progeny, the High-Speed Ground Transportation Act of 1965, authorizes $90 million for demonstrations, research, and development of ground transportation systems.

In its long-range phase, the act calls for a "systems" approach, in which objectives are freed from contemporary prejudices and stated afresh. And, as in the space program, a new technology is devised to achieve ends stated in the program. Researchers at MIT are already studying a "multimodal" air-supported vehicle—a buslike coach carrying a hundred passengers at speeds up to 250 m.p.h. on a regional guideway and 90 m.p.h. on conventional roadways. Of more immediate interest, however, are efforts to improve performance within the limits of existing technology—specifically, the desultory rail service in the crowded Northeast corridor from Boston to Washington. This year, new electric-powered passenger cars, capable of speeds up to 150 m.p.h., should

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William T. R. Fox
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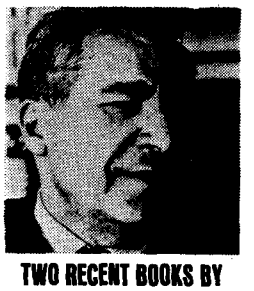

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cut the New York-Washington rail trip to less than three hours. The increased convenience, dependability, and lower cost should lure many travelers away from the air-shuttle flights that contribute to the rising air traffic with its mounting hazards and delays. (About sixty-five per cent of the cost of additional airport facilities projected for the Northeast corridor can be attributed to short-haul traffic, according to a study quoted by Senator Pell.) The lessons learned in the Northeast have obvious application in other parts of the country, where twenty-four other agglutinative cities are destined for a combined population of 125 million by 1980.

ALONG WITH improvements promised by the Ground Transportation Act, Senator Pell makes sound proposals for immediate abatement of both surface and aerial traffic jams. To limit the monumental automobile traffic jams spreading throughout whole urban regions, he endorses the principle of demand pricing—raising bridge, tunnel, and turnpike tolls at periods of peak demand. There is both economic justice and practical sense in this principle. Because it is needed only four or five hours a day, marginal roadway capacity designed for rush-hour traffic (e.g., the $95-million third tube of the Lincoln Tunnel) costs far more on a car-mile basis than the basic roadway. Yet in a fatuous inversion of the demand-pricing principle that normally rules our economy, the Port of New York Authority halves the trans-Hudson tolls for regular work-bound motorists, thus encouraging the traffic jams that multiply hazardous air pollutants and squander thousands of man-hours of bus riders trapped in the crawling traffic. Doubling the normal toll at rush hours to $1 per car, instead of reducing it to a quarter, could benefit everyone concerned. Pricing the marginal drivers out of their cars and getting them into busses or trains would accelerate traffic flow and thus help the small minority of motorists who really need their cars and are willing to pay the premium price for the privilege of driving.

For the air-traffic jams, which in addition to causing hazards are delaying landings in New York by as much as two hours, Senator Pell endorses the commercial airlines' proposal for restricting private planes to satellite airports, leaving the major airports free for commercial operations. If Federal legislation were amended to permit such restriction, the Port of New York Authority could relent in its search for a fourth major airport, which it has attempted to force on North Jerseyans.

Here Senator Pell gets an assist from the Regional Plan Association's recent proposal to remove "general aviation" (air taxis and corporate and private planes) from the three major New York airports during peak hours. The RPA compares these operations with "letting private motorboats tie up at ocean-liner piers while the *Queen Mary* is waiting in the harbor, or allowing people to bring private railroad cars onto the subway tracks during rush hours." Unscheduled small planes preempt more than twenty per cent of the key landing and takeoff time at Kennedy, La Guardia, and Newark; yet they carry only two per cent of the passengers. Since these general-aviation operations are growing much faster than commercial operations, the RPA proposes shifting them to a network of smaller airports. Construction of these airports, at relatively slight cost, could relieve the need for a fourth jetport at least until 1980. By that date, the Port Authority's own projections indicate nearly as many peak-hour landings and takeoffs for general aviation as for commercial airlines.

In presenting the case for inflicting another noise- and traffic-generating jetport on the public to benefit a handful of flying aristocrats, the Port Authority apparently considers their claim absolute. In response to proposals for shifting inefficient small planes to other airports or diverting short-haul air passengers to other modes of transportation, the Port Authority argues that they would not find it "equally convenient" or "would still rather fly." This solicitude for the elite minority conforms to the narrow view of the public interest that has always guided this public agency.

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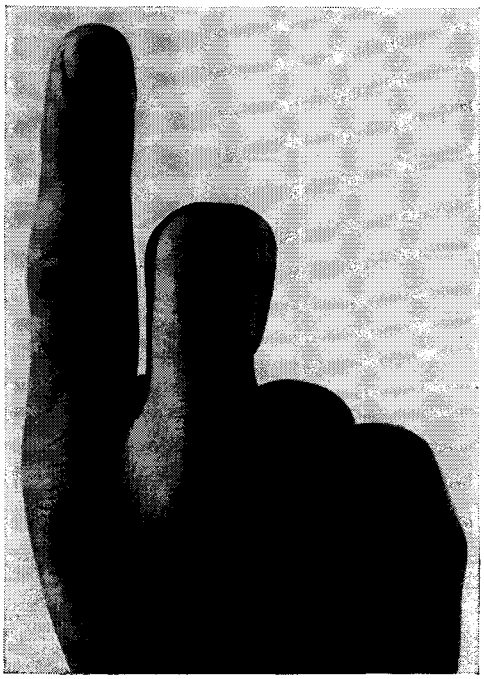

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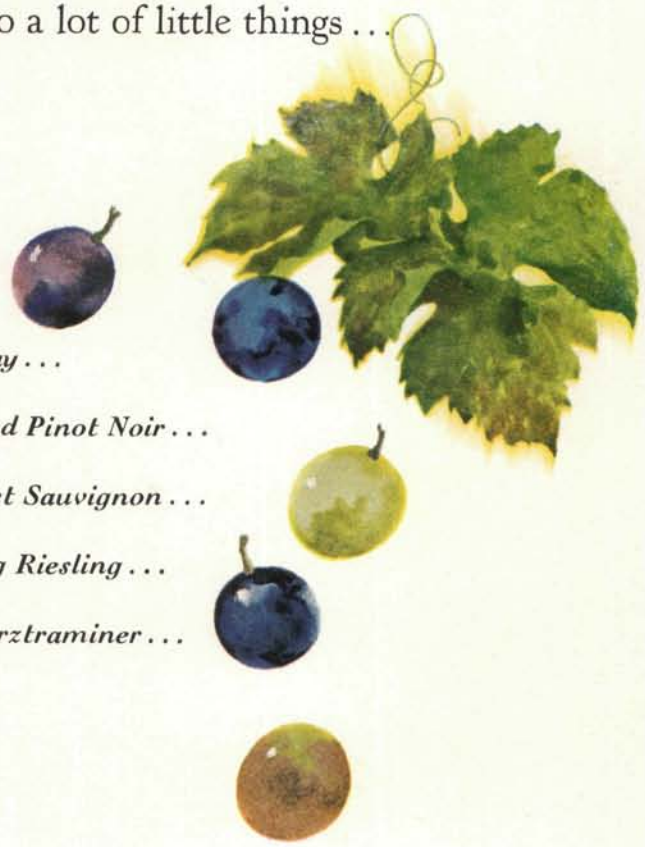

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